

# ZION'S HERALD

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THE HEATED TERM is upon us. The summer threatens to be hot and dry. Death will gather a large harvest, if the husbandman does not. Are you ready? The Lord of this harvest seeks to ripen you for the heavenly garner. He who sendeth forth heat and cold, urges you through even these most material of His ministers, to prepare for that home where the sun shall not light on them by day, nor any heat.

"No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore."

O, brother, hasten to make your peace with God. Fly to Christ, your all-loving Saviour. Make the camp-meeting this summer the birthplace of your soul. Do not wait until that comes; for you know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh. Come to Him in repentance, before He comes to you in death. Hide yourselves from the consuming fire of God's justice in the melting fullness of His love. These heats are prophetic and typical. If thou endure these with difficulty, "how canst thou dwell in everlasting burnings?" Fly to Christ, to holiness, to heaven.

THE DEBATE OVER DICKENS.—The papers are full of debate as to whether or no Charles Dickens was a Christian. *The Independent* thinks he was as good a Christian as Mr. Beecher, but confesses, what too many are observing, that it "is painfully conscious of possessing too small a share of the Christian religion." Would that it had a clearer discernment of what Christianity really is. *The Liberal Christian* is, of course, exceedingly indignant at the solemn and searching portrayal of Rev. Mr. Dunn, of this city, and breaks forth in this happy mixture:—

"But, if this goes on, and such people should succeed in convincing the world that men and women like Charles Dickens and Percy Bysshe Shelley, Theodore Parker, and Galileo, Margaret Fuller and Hypathia, Goethe and Plato, are somewhere together outside of heaven, with spirits of kindred qualities, while inside there are only such people as John Calvin, and the bigots of all the ages, it may be a question whether all this is likely to make everybody very anxious to get to heaven."

An avowed infidel, and free lover, a deist whose most eloquent invectives, even in his dying farewells, denounced the Bible, Christ, and the whole plan of salvation, a heathen woman, and a life-long libertine are joined to Mr. Dickens, and made superior to the most holy and honored man of his times; of great parts, and greater virtues, whose chief doctrinal error was a too limited view of God's grace, and whose only political fault, though a public and potent man, by the confession of his enemies, was the execution of one man for heresy, in an age when men and women were slain by the thousands because of their faith. If that is the heaven of liberal Christianity, it is not such as Christ prepares, or the Bible records. But the noticeable feature of this discussion, is the fact that it is discussed at all. Why, all at once, is every secular, infidel, anti-Christian press so anxious to make Mr. Dickens a Christian? Why do they seem to deem it so essential to his present happiness that he should have been one? Their very zeal proves that all their mockery at Christianity is a delusion which never deludes them, or any Christian. They see that it is of infinite importance that Mr. Dickens have something to support him after death other than his genius and fame. He stands naked before God. With what is he clothed upon?

His own good nature and good works, or the robes washed in the blood of the Lamb? In his last note, written the day before his death, he gave his creed:—

"I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour; because I feel it; and because I rewrote that history for my children—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them, long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak. But I have never made proclamation of this from the house-tops."

This view of Christ is not necessarily regenerative. Many a skeptic could do all he did. Mr. Abbott is as complimentary. All we can say of this soul is, he made his own choice. If he accepted the offers of salvation made to every poor sinner, as we humbly hope he did, he was saved; if not, not. God is not the slave of his creatures. A father is no more tender towards a brilliant son, than a dull one. The need of Christian faith is proved by this broad and bitter conflict; but Christian faith, or believers, are not much troubled because others are seeking to gain all the advantages of their faith without observing any of its Scriptural obligations. *The News* well puts the points:—

"Whether Charles Dickens was or was not a Christian, is in controversy; but this we hold, that it is not the duty of Christianity to save great dead men, nor is it her necessity to be saved by them. If a man does not identify himself with Christ on the earth, why should he be forced into His presence in the other world?"

The National Camp-meeting at Hamilton has had good weather, and a good time. It was hot, but the cooling shade mitigated the heat. The services were earnest, pointed, and powerful. May it lead the Church and the world to experience the heights and depths of the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The meeting on Sunday was one of great power. Rev. Mr. Wells, of Milwaukee, preached an able sermon in the morning, and Rev. Mr. Boole, of New York, discoursed with thrilling power, on non-conformity with the world. The large congregation was bowed under the spiritual influences, which seemed to sway it as a mighty rushing wind. We hope all who can will attend the rest of the meeting. It will not conclude until this week Friday.

THE OLD IN THE NEW.—Victoria University, at Coburg, Canada, is a Methodist institute, over which a Middletown student, Dr. Nellis, presides, and for which Mr. Punshon is raising funds. It is a real university in its range of departments, though it does not carry them all forward on its own grounds. The Roman Catholics have a college of law and medicine at Montreal, and their diplomas are conferred by the President of Victoria University. Rev. Dr. Hibbard thus describes the scene, in *The Northern Advocate*:—

"It was very interesting, indeed, to see a Roman Catholic, Dr. B. Peltier, announce upon the platform, on the day of convocation, the names of 39 medical students; and another Roman Catholic, Mr. J. Dautre, Q. C., Professor of Civil and International Law, announce the names of eleven law students, all from the Montreal Branch, as graduates, to receive their diplomas at the hands of a Methodist minister, President of a Methodist University. It almost seemed as if the two extremes of faith and ecclesiasticism had met, and were shaking hands. I felt an honest pride in Methodism, which could thus affiliate, upon a proper basis, with true men of every profession, in every good work, and which thus stood for the freedom of science and letters. I have often read, with thrilling interest, the noble stand which European Catholics had taken for liberty, but I had never before witnessed it

upon so grand a scale. It was a glorious spectacle, to behold Protestants and progressive Catholics sitting upon the same platform, uniting officially in the same interests of the higher education, mixing socially in the same company, and working together for the same ends. I trembled a little, however, when one of the graduates, a Wesleyan Methodist, gave an eloquent eulogy upon Luther, and dealt freely with the Papal policy. It was a bold, yet truthful address. The large hall was filled. So was the platform. Near me, on either side, sat a Catholic professor. But our anxieties were all dispelled when they joined, with the rest, in enthusiastic applause of the speaker."

This is certainly a novel sight, and is significant of the great change passing over the Church. We hope the attempt, so steadfastly made, in certain high quarters, to exclude Christ from the colleges, will result in a complete fusion of all who believe in Christian education. This Professor rejected the infallibility of the Pope, and his school will yet be found ranging itself on the side of catholic and orthodox Christianity.

Decoration Day was celebrated at Andersonville by an oration, and scattering of flowers on the patriot martyrs. This was what they hardly saw in their dying visions. *The Atlanta Advocate* describes the scene as very impressive and enthusiastic, and shows, in this item, how popular Gov. Bullock is with the real loyalists of Georgia, though false Republicans reject him at Washington:—

"As Governor Bullock left the stand, hundreds of the colored men and women of that section of the country, who had never before seen him, gathered closely around, grasping his hands, and asking the blessings of Divine Providence on his head. It was nearly half an hour before the Governor was able to proceed from the immediate vicinity of the stand, and as he passed along the main avenue, the people ranged themselves on each side, waving their hats, and giving vent to their expressions of affection for him."

"After the ceremony of decoration had been concluded, the crowd separated, many of them passing through the stockade of the old prison, guided by Lieuts. Miller and Banner, who pointed out the old wells and tunnels that had been made for purposes of escape, and gave personal and graphic descriptions of their experiences while prisoners."

Prof. Everett, at the annual Commencement of the Harvard Divinity School, tied the rope around all the conservative and infidel Unitarians. If one goes over the precipice, all must. He said:—

"Of one thing we are sure: However we talk of conservative or radical Unitarianism, we are one brotherhood. We have our differences, but we are all heretics, outside the pale of all Evangelical Christendom. These different sects could not be consistent, and not bar us out. No one of us, however radical he may be, but has got truth enough to save the world. A few great truths unite us—faith in the power of God, faith in human nature, faith in the faculties of the human soul."

This concession that Mr. Potter, or Abbott, or Frothingham, or Johnson, or Wasson, or Collyer, has truth enough to save the world, is naturally followed by a statement of their creed; for much as they deny they have one, they are always uttering one. In his faith there is no divine Christ, no recognition of sin or of the need of a Saviour, no authentic and authoritative Word of God, no peculiar Christian doctrine; faith in God being a common property of human nature; Indian, African, Arab, and Asiatic, all accepting that article of faith. But if all their radical ring, from Parker to Abbott, are of this household of faith, few of their Christian side will long abide in their communion. The change is inevitable. Let it come.



## Original and Selected Papers.

## A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Hail to the merry rain,  
Tapping the window pane!  
Open the window now,  
And let it touch your brow,  
And wash away the fever and the pain.

See how each little flower,  
Rejoices in the shower,  
Clapping its leafy hands,  
The oak majestic stands,  
And the dim wood with praises rings again.

The flocks and herds rejoice;  
Nature, with tuneful voice,  
Blesses the hand divine,  
From which the corn and wine,  
The rain and sunshine all in season came.

How gentle is the rain,  
It patters on the plain  
Like soft, slow little feet  
Of lambs, or infants sweet,  
The honey-bee has scarcely ceased its hum.

For many weary days  
The sun's resistless rays  
Have parched and scorched as one:  
That withering heat is o'er;  
We thank thee, Lord, for this refreshing rain.

Ha! 'twas a thunder roar!  
Now, now the torrents pour  
Like tramp of myriad feet,  
Of chargers fierce and fleet,  
All prancing, dancing o'er the roof again.

They scale the outer wall,  
Hark! 'tis their battle call!  
Hark to the rattling mail  
Of squadrons clothed in hail,  
And armed with rushing winds and lightnings strong.

The gentle summer shower  
Bursts into awful power.  
The birds have fled in fright,  
From skies as black as night,  
While howls and roars the hurricane along.

Peace! now its wrath is spent,  
The thunder-clouds are rent,  
A rainbow spans the hills  
And every tree top thrills,  
How glad the birds all are to greet the sun.

Now, growling down the skies,  
The worn-out tempest dies;  
While washed, and cool, and clean  
The earth looks forth serene:  
Thank God for rain, and that the storm is done.

## CURIOSITIES OF INSECT LIFE.\*

BY REV. DR. WISE.

There are no forms of animal life of which most men make so little account and know so little, as of insects; and yet none are more nearly related to our physical well being than they. They are both helpful and injurious to us all. Some of them are very valuable to us. One insect, the cochineal, furnishes the monarch with the imperial color which distinguishes his royal robe; another, the silkworm, spins the delicate material with which art prepares the silks, satins, and velvets, in which woman delights to set off the grace and dignity of her person; the tiny *Coccus* furnishes the shellac with which we varnish our japanned ware and also the dye which produces the brilliant scarlet cloths of India; the bee gives us the useful article we call wax, and the delicious honey with which we regale our palates. On the other hand, there are innumerable insects which are sources of inconvenience, suffering, loss, and even death. Let us glance at some of these.

Bread is the staff of life, yet its production is always diminished and often threatened with entire destruction by many insects. Beetles, caterpillars, and flies, prey upon it while it is yet growing as wheat in the field; a weevil, a moth, and a caterpillar assail it after it is lodged in the granary. Our vegetables are equally open to insect attack. *Aphida* make their home in every plant, and so prolific are these hateful pests that, as Reaumur estimates, 5,904,900,000 issue from one progenitor in five, of the twenty generations which may proceed from it in a single year.

Our grasses, too, have their insect foes. Grubs and butterflies feed on their roots or suck their juices, so that meadows are often destroyed by their depredations and made to appear as if fire had passed over them.

Our hops are also eaten by a caterpillar, a fly, and a beetle; our radishes are blighted by another fly; our potato crops are often diminished by the destructive appetites of several beetles, of a moth, and of aphids. Our sugar has to contend with a borer, an ant, and an aphid; our fruit trees are hollowed out by borers, eaten bare by

\* The authorities consulted in the composition of this article, are Kirby and Spence, Gossé, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Packard, the *American Naturalist*, the *Entomologist*, etc., etc.

caterpillars, and blighted by aphids; while, not unfrequently, massive forests are stripped of their foliage and our noblest trees killed by insatiate borers. There is not a tree or plant on the face of the whole earth which has not some insect foe, that makes it the peculiar object of its attack; while the greedy locust, with omnivorous appetite, sometimes rises from the earth and kills every green thing which lives on the line of its fatal march.

Nor is the person of lordly man a sacred thing in insect eyes. On the contrary, it is subject to annoyance, disease, and even death, from these irreverent creatures. Do not the *Cimex lectularius* and the *Pulex irritans* invade his chamber and disturb his slumbers? Does not the *Pulex penetrans* or chigoe, make a home for itself between the skin and flesh of his sovereign feet? Does not the *Culex pipiens* or mosquito, approach him with insulting song when seeking to gorge its hateful appetite with blood from his swelling veins? The scorpion stings him, so does the ichneumon, the bee, and the wasp. Worse than all, the *Pediculi*, the *Acari*, and the *Scotolaches* take up their loathsome abodes in his skin and literally feed upon him till he dies. It is very humiliating to human pride but it is believed by many that, at least, seven proud monarchs—Pheretima, Antiochus Epiphanes, Sylla, the two Herods, the Emperor Maximilian and that notable murderer of Protestants, Philip the Second, perished ingloriously under the attacks of these most disgusting of all insect tribes.

Such being, in part, the intimate and serious relations of the insect world to mankind, it is matter of surprise that so few persons make that vast and wonderful world of animated life a subject of observation and study. My aim, in this paper, is not to give a technically scientific statement of the wonders of insect life, but only to mention, in popular language, a few of the curiosities which abound in this portion of the works of the Creator. I note

## THE DISPROPORTIONATE NUMBER OF INSECTS.

1. It is a singular fact that insects greatly outnumber every other class of animals. Entomologists estimate that they comprise four fifths of the entire animal kingdom. Of all other animals there are only about 55,000 known species; while of insects *Gerstaecker* affirms that there are, at least, 190,000 species, of these 90,000 are *Coleoptera* or beetles, 25,000 *Hymenoptera* or bees, wasps, ichneumon flies, etc., 24,000 *Lepidoptera* or butterflies, moths, etc., 24,000 *Diptera* or flies and other two-winged insects, 4,600 *Arachnida* or spiders, 800 *Myriapoda* or centipedes.

This great disproportion between the insect and other fauna, is certainly worthy of remark, and cannot be viewed by any thoughtful mind without awakening the inquiry, why is it so? Why do these inferior, articulate animals so greatly exceed in number the superior orders of vertebrated animals? Are they intended merely to illustrate the existence, the skill, and the tastes of the creating mind? or do they perform some important part in the great system of nature?

Since there is nothing accidental in Nature, we must accept every legitimate effect as an interpretation of the divine purpose. Seeing, then, that Nature swarms with these living creatures, and that their life, while it lasts, is simple enjoyment, we conclude that God made them because He delights in the multiplication of existences, and that the contemplation of their enjoyment is one of the pleasures of His Being. "For His pleasure they are and were created."

Again the forms of these insect fauna, being of such infinite variety, beauty, and complexity, that no reflective man can study them without beholding in them the handiwork of an omnipotently skillful mind, we infer that they were intended to fill earth and air with evidences of God's existence—to make the handwriting of God so diffused and distinct, that men should be compelled to read it everywhere at all times, and under all circumstances; so that, if they refuse to heed it in the great celestial bodies above them or in their own fearfully and wonderfully formed bodies, they should have it brought before them in the beetle, the bee, the butterfly, the fly, and even in the acari which make their homes and find their food in the cheese with which they stimulate their palates, and the sugar with which they sweeten their coffee.

But besides these moral aims, discernible in this unequal number of insects, their place in the economy of nature is by no means doubtful. They perform such important services therein, as to account for the myriads by which they are numbered.

Consider that death and corruption are parts of the mysterious order of Nature. Birds, animals, and trees die, and their remains taint the air and encumber the earth. To modify this evil, God has appointed insects to be the scavengers of Nature. If you doubt this, put honey on a dead mouse and bury it in an ant-hill. Return after a few hours and dig it up. You will find its skeleton as clean as if the art of the anatomist had been operating upon it. The little ants have stripped the bones clean of everything except the ligaments and cartilages. But it required a host of them to perform this to them mighty work.

If you doubt still, watch the work of the flesh-eating insects on the dead body of a lion, elephant, or ox. It has fallen say, in the jungle or on the plain; and if left to itself and the elements, would soon fill the air around it with the vapors of pestilence and death. But no sooner has its breath departed, than myriads of flies, called *Histera*,

pierce its skin and begin to drink its blood. Flesh-flies quickly follow, one species, the *Sarcophaga carnaria*, deposit on it their young already hatched. Another, the *Musca Caesar*, cover it with millions of eggs from which, in a day or two, proceed countless hungry devourers of its flesh. Judge of the rapidity with which the animal disappears by the almost incredible fact, that one female *Sarcophaga carnaria* will give birth to 20,000 young, and as *Rede* has shown the larvae of many flesh flies devour so much food as to increase their weight two hundred fold in twenty-four hours. *Linnaeus* affirms that three flies of the *Musca vomitoria* species will increase so rapidly and eat so voraciously as to devour a dead horse as quickly as would a lion.

Scarcely have the flies accomplished their work on the softer portions of the animal, before hosts of beetles, wasps, hornets and ants, come to their assistance. When these have removed the muscular covering from the skeleton, armies of little *Nitidula* polish the bones by eating every fibre left by their less fastidious predecessors. Even the horns of animals are consumed by the *Trox* which esteem their contents a rich delicacy.

Thus it would appear that one function of these numerous insect tribes, is the removal of corrupt substances from the face of the earth; thereby preventing them from becoming causes of disease and death to the human race, especially in tropical climates.

The mission of these despised insects is also apparent in the forests of hot countries. How is it that in those regions of luxuriant vegetable life and of gigantic trees, the traveller rarely finds the remains of a fallen tree in their almost boundless forests? Trees must die and fall in them as elsewhere, and the elements alone would scarcely decompose one of these hard wooded giants in a century. Why then are not those forests obstructed and filled with their fallen majestic monarchs? Stand with me for a moment or two, beside a tree which has just fallen to the ground, and I will reveal the curious secret. See swarming along its bark, a tribe of bark-borers! These will soon eat thousands of holes, through which the rain will penetrate and, dried by the heat, begin the work of decomposition. Fungi are next formed. Myriads of other insects now attack the decaying wood, and, in a few months, the entire tree is reduced to dust; thus, instead of encumbering the ground, it speedily becomes nutriment to new growth of trees, and the agent by which the forest retains its freshness and verdure.

Still another function of the insect tribe is to serve as food to each other, to birds, to fishes, and even to man, as already intimated many insects are very injurious to man's interests. The unlimited increase of some species would speedily devastate the earth. Take, for example, the *Aphida* which swarm on our vegetables, or the weevil which feeds on our wheat. These destructive little animals, if unchecked, would starve the world to death in a few years. But in the system of nature we see other insects appointed to feed upon them and keep their number within safe bounds. Chief among the destroyers of *aphida* is the *Coccinella*, the favorite lady cow or lady bird of our childhood, which we were wont to send away with the mournful intelligence that "her house was on fire, and her children at home." The lace winged *Hemerobius* is also a lion among the *aphida*, while the grubs of the aphidivorous flies (the *Syrphide*) are voracious gormandizers among these pests. For checking the multiplication of weevil, nature has endowed these species of the Ichneumon tribe with the desire and power to introduce their eggs into their bodies and to feed upon them in their larva state.

In like manner the wasp feeds on the fly and the caterpillar; the land wasp preys on the grasshopper; the ant on the cockroach; the *Valucella* on the humble-bee and wasp; while a whole family of predaceous beetles keep up a perpetual feast on the bodies of moths, caterpillars, cock-chafers and on one species of weevil.

These are only a few illustrations of the fact that while God has produced manifold injurious insects, to compel man to feel his utter helplessness, and his absolute dependence on the divine will, He has also appointed myriads of beneficent ones to act as sentinels over his safety and to preserve his life from destruction.

Insects are also intended as food for animals of a higher order. The mole and the hedgehog for example feed on wire worms; the greedy hog will root up acres of grass in search of grubs, and of the larva of locusts. The sportive squirrel fattens on the destructive locust. The badger luxuriates on beetles. The armadillo also delights in the locust, while the *Myrmecophaga* or ant-eater feeds with infinite gusto on the inhabitants of the ant-hill. The toad, the frog and the lizard also subsist on insects.

Most birds are insectivorous. The gay swallow subsists on flies: a single pair of sparrows having young ones, says *Bradley*, will eat over three thousand caterpillars in a week. The thrushes, though fond of our currants and gooseberries, are, nevertheless, great devourers of caterpillars and locusts. Ducks grow fat on grubs, flies, and grasshoppers. Turkeys and fowls regard most insects as delicious, and eat them greedily. The partridge is fond of ants. The wryneck and the woodpecker, live wholly on insects and their eggs. The oriole is an insect epicure, and even the saucy crow, notwithstanding his traditional love of corn, greatly prefers the larva of numerous destructive beetles to the grain near which he seeks his prey.



Fishes, too, feed largely on insects, which abound in the water as profusely as in the air. They constitute the sole food of some species and the partial support of nearly all. The carp and the salmon are especially fond of the case or caddis worm and of the *Sialis lutana* or ephemera which cover our streams for a few hours in May or June. Myriads of millions of these ephemera swarm from their pupa state on the banks of their favorite rivers, and falling upon the water, are devoured by innumerable fish.

Nor does man refuse to use insects as food. Even we, highly civilized as we are, do not reject the lobster, the crab, or the shrimp, which though not strictly insects, are only articulated animals, and until recently were classed with insects by our best entomologists. Now the Arab would be disgusted to see us feasting on lobster salad; yet he finds great delight in masticating a locust. In both the Indies, epicures eat the grub of the palm weevil, which is as large as your thumb; and Sir John La Forey concurs in opinion with the ancient Greeks mentioned by Elian, as esteeming a roasted grub very delicious food.

Pliny tells us that the Romans regarded the lossus—probably the larva of *Prionus Coriarius*, found in the oak, as a very great delicacy. In Jamaica, and in the Mauritius the grub of the *Prionus damicornis*, which is as large as a man's finger, forms an article of food. The Mexican Indians prepare a drink from a beetle (the *Cicindela curvata*) by macerating it in water and spirit.

Locusts are an article of food in many parts of the world. The Ethiopians were called locust eaters on this account by the Romans. The Arabs make them into bread, first grinding or pounding them and then mixing them with their flour. They not unfrequently eat them boiled and stewed. The Hottentots esteem them highly and grow fat on them. They all make their eggs into soup. Their traditions teach that they are indebted to some great conqueror for the coming of the locusts. He lives a long way northward, they say, and removes a huge stone from the mouth of a deep pit so that the locusts may escape and fly to them for food. The Moors of Barbary prefer locusts to pigeons.

Cicada, according to *Athenus* and *Aristotle*, were highly relished among the ancient Greeks. *Pliny* says the Parthians used them freely for food. Our native Indians were fond of them, as are those of New South Wales.

The Chinese who cannot afford to waste any edible thing, cook and eat the crystals of the silk-worm, and the larva of the hawk moth. The caterpillars of butterflies are eaten by the natives of New Holland, and also the body of a butterfly called *Bugong*.

Ants have their place with articles of human diet. Hottentots eat them both boiled and raw. The East Indians mix them with flour and convert them into a popular pastry. In Sweden, ants are used to flavor brandy.

In Ceylon bees are used for food. In New Caledonia the people eat a large spider (*Aranea edulis*) esteeming it a luxury. *Reaumur* says he knew a young German lady who ate spiders. It is recorded that Anna Maria Schureman, used to eat them like nuts, and declared they were not unlike that fruit in taste. *Lalande*, the celebrated astronomer, was equally fond of these delicacies; and *Rosel* knew a German who spread them on his bread like butter. *Humboldt* caps the climax of these edible monstrosities, assuring us that he has seen Indian children drag centipedes, eighteen inches long and more than half an inch broad, from their holes, and devour them!

While these curious facts illustrate the adage that there is no accounting for tastes, they also show that insects are useful as food for man, and that, in great extremities, he might be saved from destruction by placing them among his articles of diet—but I have written enough on the uses of insects—enough to show that the Great Architect of Nature did not create these curious little animals in such vast numbers without a purpose. Small as they are and contemptible as they appear, their countless numbers and varied powers to do both good and evil, constitute them one of the most important forces in the economy of Nature. As already intimated, by merely destroying a few classes of insect-fauna and, thereby, permitting the others to multiply indefinitely, the Almighty Ruler could bring about the entire destruction of the human race in a surprisingly brief period of time.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH BOYS?—What shall parents do, who live in towns and cities? What shall professional men do, whose children cannot participate in their parents' work?

Instead of keeping them anxiously within doors, thrust them out as much as possible. Do not let watching become spying. Let children have sports and companions, and unwatched liberty. Put them upon their honor. Boys will early respond to this. Do not make too much of their mistakes and faults. How can one be a child and not be full of faults? Explain their mistakes gently. Be patient! Wait for them! Children must have time to grow. Somebody had to wait for you. Never let fear make a gulf between the child and you. Within due bounds, liberty is the best thing for a child, as it is for a man. It will lead to irregularities, but out of these will come experience, and gradually, self-control. The object of all family government is to teach children to get along without being governed. They must therefore be trusted; even if they abuse it, they must be trusted. Keep them busy with pleasant work if possible. Awaken in them curiosity about the things which lie around them. A very little instruction will make children curious of plants, minerals, natural history, of lit-

erary curiosities, autographs, postage-stamp collections, and a thousand things which will inspire pleasure in their reason rather than in their appetites.

Never scold children, but soberly and quietly reprove. Do not employ shame except in extreme cases. The suffering is acute, it hurts self-respect in the child, to reprove a child before the family; to ridicule it, to tread down its feelings ruthlessly, is to wake in its bosom malignant feelings. A child is defenceless; he is not allowed to argue. He is often tried, condemned and executed in a second. He finds himself of little use. He is put at things he don't care for, and withheld from things that he does like; he is made the convenience of grown up people, as it were; is sent hither and thither, made to get up or sit down for everybody's convenience but his own, is snubbed and catechised until he learns to dodge government and elude authority, and then he is whipped for being "such a lying whelp, that no one can believe you."

Well, well; girls may have the hardest time of it in after-life, but for the first fifteen years boys are the sufferers. —BEECHER, in the *Christian Union*.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

### MY TRIUMPH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The autumn-time has come;  
On the woods that dream of bloom,  
And over purpling vines,  
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is falling;  
The hazel's gold is piling;  
Yet overhead more near  
The eternal stars appear.

And present gratitude  
Insures the future's good,  
And for the things I see  
I trust the things to be;

That in the paths untrod,  
And the long days of God,  
My feet shall still be led,  
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me!  
O dear ones gone above me!  
Careless of other fame,  
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,  
Save it from evil phrases;  
Why, when dear lips that spake it  
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;  
I better know than all  
How little I have gained,  
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted  
Let life be banned or sainted;  
Deeper than written scroll  
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung,  
My songs that found no tongue;  
Nobler than any fact  
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong—  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.

What matter—I, or they?  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said  
And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!  
Hail to the brave light-bringers!  
Forward I reach, and share  
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;  
A glory shines before me  
Of what mankind shall be—  
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman  
Diviner, but still human;  
Solving the riddle old,  
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor;  
And equal-handed labor;  
The richer life, where beauty  
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unrequited steeples,  
The joy of unborn peoples!  
Sound, trumpets far off blown,  
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,  
I keep the festival,  
Forereach the good to be,  
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,  
I join the great march onward,  
And take, by faith, while living,  
My freehold of thanksgiving.

THY WORKS.—"I know Thy works" are the clarion words repeated in each of the memorable messages to the Seven Churches of Asia. Works, works, works ring out from each of the solemn charges—Thy works, not works without faith, but such abounding, overcoming faith that it must work. Upon Sardis the fearful sentence was, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." The Church is not a hospital but a workshop. Posted all about upon its walls are notices "No idlers nor loungers allowed here." "To every man his work." The Church on earth is for work, the rest is beyond. Its watch-

word from its Founder is, "Preach the Gospel." It is a call to the intensest activity. Even the weak in body and infirm of spirit often render most effective service in soul-work. But, alas for the drones!

Here is a plethoric professor. He uses the Church as a housewife does her fruit-jar, simply to bottle up his piety for fear of its spoiling. He never dreams of using it in earnest, holy activity for saving lost souls.

There is a pleasure-seeking professor. The Church to her is a spiritual Saratoga to gratify her tastes. She would raise her hands in surprise at the idea of work. "O, dear, how very absurd." At her church the "quartet is so exquisite, the prayers so beautiful, the preacher so poetical and graceful, and the congregation so select." She fans and drinks in the delightful nectar and rides away in her coach, imagining herself in a holy ecstasy.

It may be well enough for Dorcas to look after the poor, but not for our exquisite professor.

Here is our retired professor.

He went through the usual experience and forms of admission to the church, and has retired upon this capital. He dives into the world, rolls up his sleeves for sharp bargains, smart trades, all for self, from Monday morning until Saturday night. On Sunday he puts on his religious coat and airs, and attends "divine service." When he has a full purse, and less business, he may do something for the Lord. Just now he can only go to church of a Sunday. He did his duty by joining the church in the usual way. He is a retired professor. It seems a great pity that the Lord should permit him to make the fatal mistake of retiring into the church militant rather than into the church triumphant.

Here is our talkative professor.

He is always ready for discussions or resolutions. He loves crowded assemblies, conventions, any place for remarks, and always improves them. He is full of theology, theories, stories for every occasion. Ask him to visit some out-of-the-way place to preach Christ, to head a subscription, or do mission work, and he makes pompous promises, and escapes from work. He is simply a nuisance, the son of Saywell, of Prating-row. There is a certain foul bird that is said to stalk about, squeaking out, "Do, do, do," but is itself the laziest and most ill-natured of all the birds in the world. The race is said to have died out now, being too lazy to live long. Happy would it be for the honor of Christ and His cause if this race of professors who are forever talking and lamenting, but never doing, should die out also. In the last day the Lord will say, "I know thy works." Not the hearers of the Word, but the DOERS of it shall receive a reward. All others build a house on the sand. —*The Christian at Work*.

SAVED ALMOST.—A Philadelphia brother stood up at the Saturday Morning Prayer-Meeting of the Boston Y. M. C. Association last week and said: Two years ago I was a profane inebriate, my wife and children beseeching me to give up my cups. Resolution after resolution was broken, and passing through nameless sins, at which I shudder when I think of them, I was at the very brink of despair. Nightly I witnessed sad and reckless creatures on the same road, seeking to drown accumulated sorrows in the drunkard's poison. What has saved my soul from the yawning gulph toward which it was rapidly drawing near?

This good brother at my side passing through our city, put his arms around my neck and talked Jesus Christ to me. He plead with me, shed tears upon me, prayed for me, made me pray for myself, and would not give me up, and now for twenty-four months I have been a new man in Christ Jesus. Old things are passed away, behold all things are become new. For two years I have not touched tobacco, whiskey, or any such thing, nor have I had a desire to. My wife is happy, my children are happy, and I am happy, and all because, and only this, Christ Jesus our Lord dwells within us, and fills us with love towards him and one another. —*The Congregationalist*.

CALL ME.—He was preaching years ago in one of the central cities of New York, to a large audience in a time of revival. He had been explaining that men, under conviction of sin, would sometimes show their conviction in singular ways. Sometimes it would make them cross and fault-finding. They would scold their wives and make all about them uneasy. Then he added, "If I knew you as well as your pastor does, I could point to you where you sit. You are in this condition; You know you are a sinner, and need now to repent; and will not. You have been scolding that good wife who has been praying for you these years. I could call you out now by name!" At this point he was interrupted by a voice from a farther part of the room saying, "Call me." The man afterwards explained that he verily expected to hear his name announced, and only spoke to be beforehand. He could not at first be persuaded that Mr. Finney did not know his case, or had not been told it by some one. He said: "This very morning I scolded my wife, and everything else besides, all the while knowing I was a miserable sinner. Then I harnessed my horse and came into the city with her to church. I supposed, somehow, you must know my name." O, for such preaching as makes men feel "I am the man." —*The Congregationalist*.

When Charles Wesley was asked to write an epitaph for Hervey, who had branded his brother John as "a pestilent heretic," he refused the request in a poem ending with this couplet:—

"Let Madam or Romaine record his praise:  
Enough that Wesley's brother can forgive."

God Himself, although immovably and infinitely happy, is yet immensely careful, and everlastingly busy: He rested once from that great work of creation; but yet, "My Father," saith our Lord, "worketh still;" and He never will rest from His works of providence and grace. His eyes continue watchful over the world, and His hands stretched out in upholding it. He hath a singular regard to every creature, supplying the needs of each, and satisfying the desires of all. —*Isaac Barrow*.



## For the Children.

PETER GRAY.

Honest little Peter Gray  
Keeps at work the livelong day,  
For his mother is as poor as a mouse;  
Now running up and down  
Doing errands in the town,  
And now doing chores about the house.

The boys along the street  
Often call him Hungry Pete,  
Because that his face is so pale;  
And ask, by way of jest,  
If his ragged coat and vest  
And his old-fashioned hat are for sale.

But little Peter Gray  
Never any shape nor way  
Doth evil for evil return:  
He is finer than his clothes,  
And no matter where he goes  
There is some one the fact to discern.

You might think a sneer, mayhap,  
Just a feather in your cap,  
If you saw him being pushed to the wall;  
But, my proudly-foolish friend,  
You might find out in the end  
You had sneered at your betters, after all!

He is climbing up his way  
On life's ladder day by day;  
And you who, to laugh at him, stop  
On the lower rounds, will wake,  
If I do not much mistake,  
To find him sitting snug at the top.

ALICE CARY.

## A QUARTER OF TWELVE.

BY WILLY WISE.

Prof. Elms, preceptor of Maplewood Academy, though he had the reputation of being an efficient and successful teacher, was, in the minds of some of the pupils, possessed of four positive faults. First, his dress was slovenly. His coat never had a complement of buttons, — nor a compliment of any kind in fact; secondly, he ridiculed and black-guarded the scholars, as a discipline; thirdly, he smoked opium, and fourthly, he had the neuralgia, which seemed to serve as an excuse for everything.

But Prof. Elms was a capital mathematician, which fact we all conceded; and that he was fully aware of the fact, and prided himself upon it there was not the shadow of a doubt. He was always cornering us up in some angle in geometry, or cutting a figure to our mortification in some example in arithmetic. He was full of his sly tricks in this way; but the time came at last when we paid him off to our satisfaction.

I was the boy who rang the steeple bell; and my seat was by a window commanding a view of the town clock, which was invisible to the rest of the school, teacher inclusive. Prof. Elms always depended upon me for posting him on the time of day. He never carried a watch, why, I can not say for a certainty. It might have been too much trouble for him to wind it up regularly; or he possibly thought it might give him a too orderly appearance; but it is more probable, on the whole, that he never had the money to spare for the in-vest-ment, for he was notoriously fond of buying up young lots of woodland in the vicinity, which he was forever visiting, at recess, to count, as tradition had it, the juvenile trees on the premises.

Our school hours were from nine to twelve in the morning, and from two to five in the afternoon. At a quarter of twelve the class in "Young's Night Thoughts," the first parsing class in the academy, was called out, at the close of which recitation I was ordered to strike the bell of dismissal.

One morning I was the victim of one of Prof. Elms' jokes; nor did I find it a very digestible one. I was told to go to the blackboard and, to quote the precise language of the Professor, to "obtain six from eleven, by a process of division." Now if I had really mastered the principles of multiplication and division; if I had had it uppermost in my mind that the quotient and divisor multiplied into each other, exactly measured the dividend, I should have simply divided eleven by six, making one and five-sixths; this I should have turned into an improper fraction, serving the eleven in the same manner, dividing the latter by the former by inverting the divisor and proceeding as in multiplication of fractions, and thereby producing the quotient, six, the desired answer.

If I had ciphered to this effect on the board, shown the scrawls and given an explanation of the process to the teacher, there would have been an end of the exercise. But not being equal to the task I worked and erased and fused for half an hour to no purpose. Making the most of my discomfiture the Professor came to the board, and drawing a large "X" on it, divided the characters by a line of erasure through the middle, leaving "VI" at the top, which he pointed out as the result of the division.

"Do you see how it is done, now?" asked he, with one of his broad grins.

"Yes, sir," said I, without realizing what I said.

"No, you don't," returned my instructor.

(As a general rule I find it is better for boys to think before they speak. Perhaps the counsel will apply to girls, too; but as I never was one in my life I cannot say from experience how this is.)

Here the laugh of the school was turned upon me. My ears tingled. I burned for revenge. I knew very well it was the intention of Prof. Elms to explain the real process to me at an early opportunity; but he delighted in teasing and harassing ignorance, and the best thing I could do under the circumstances was to laugh with the rest and pretend not to care.

That afternoon Prof. Elms came in and took his seat as usual. But I was not long in observing that he was inclined to be dozy, and it soon grew evident that he had indulged, in an unusual degree, in his opium pastime, and that Morpheus was about to wave his quieting sceptre triumphantly above his dozy victim. The smaller classes were disposed of, one by one. I saw the master going like an auctioneer's merchandise, going, going, gone! The other scholars saw the same. The school was growing buzzy. But by and by the sleeper began to show signs of returning consciousness.

"Hallo — bell — boy — there — what's the — what's the time?" he stammered out.

"A quarter of twelve," I answered, looking at the clock, a spasm of temptation mischievously taking possession of my tongue.

A suppressed titter circulated through the room. My practical joke was not quite so deep as Jacob's well. Hen. Randall fathomed it in a twinkling.

"What time did — you say?" demanded the teacher.

"He says a quarter of twelve," replied Hen.

"Class in Young — re — cite," said the Professor.

Says the Bard of Avon,

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions!"

So the class, which was far from small, and not slow to take the cue from us leaders, marched to the recitation seat, near the Professor's chair. Now it happened that this was an afternoon that we all wanted to ourselves.

There was a Cattle-show in a neighboring town, and a band of Ethiopian minstrels which we were desirous of seeing, were, according to rumor, to put on their best lamplblack shine, and display some of their funniest conundrums, to say nothing of exquisite banjo pounding, pearly teeth, repartee, and the bewitching, haunting refrain of the last popular negro melody out.

We were in luck! Prof. Elms was evidently laboring under the popped delusion that it was the time for the parsing recitation, which was, as I have before stated, the last recitation in the forenoon. He heard us through after a fashion, though half asleep all the while.

"Procrastination is — is the thief — of time," said he.

"Tom Wottleman, parse time."

"Common-noun, third person, singular, number, objective case and governed by of," said Tom. "Prepositions govern the objective case."

"Right — right — Tom. Time, time. Of time. Time to ring the bell. Bell-ringer, ring the — be — bell."

I have wondered, several times since this event, whether Prof. Elms did not take a little drink of sweetened water, with a few drops of something else, in connection with the over-dose of opium.

"Bell-ringer," he repeated, "ring the be — be — bell!"

I stepped into the entry, gave the rope a vigorous pull or two, and the school was dismissed. Prof. Elms took his cane and started off for the woods. We took our hats and started off for Cattle-show. It was now fifteen minutes past three o'clock, and I was the laureled hero of the "sell."

The next morning the Professor, after prayers, called me to account.

"You uttered a falsehood, William," said he. "You told me yesterday, when I was suffering from neuralgia, and not in my real senses, upon my inquiring as to the time of day, that it was a quarter of twelve, in the afternoon."

"Isn't three a quarter of twelve at all times of day?" I asked.

"Ah! a pretty good joke, I see," said he. "But in future if you will put quite as much of the moral, as of the mathematical, element in your information, I shall like it better."

The laugh of the school was against me again. It was a well directed blow of reproof, — such as our *Ulma Pater* (as we called our "cherishing" Professor in lame Latin) knew how to give, — a blow of reproof aimed at my conscience, and I was old and sensible enough to extract therefrom the intended morsel of a lesson without further explanation. Here is the —

Morsel. — A lie is not confined to a criminal falsehood; telling the literal truth with the effectual purpose of deception, is lying also.

PLAY AS A CHRISTIAN. — Eddy Gray and I have been skating down on Cranberry Pond," said James to his mother, one afternoon, "and I don't see but that he loves to skate as well as any boy in school."

"Indeed, my son, and why should he not love to skate?" "O! he has become a Christian, you know, and joined the church. I thought they who profess religion, didn't do such things. And besides, he loves coasting too, and all the

boys say he is one of the best ball players among us. Is it right, mother, for Christians to engage in such plays as these?"

"I know of nothing to forbid it, my child, provided they play as Christians."

"Play as Christians! Why mother, how is that? I never heard of such a thing before."

"Perhaps not, and yet true religion will manifest itself as well in play as in anything else. The Christian child will take care to play at proper times and in proper places. He will not neglect for it his studies or his work. He will be kind and obliging to his playmates, will not deceive or wrong them in any manner. He will show that he acts from principle here, as in everything else, obeying the Saviour's golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you.' Does not Eddy Gray play in this manner?"

"Why, yes, mother, I think he does. He is always one of the best boys I know, and we all like him first-rate. But I didn't know that it was because he is religious. Do you think he can pray about skating and ball-playing and such things?"

"I should be very sorry to have him or you engage in any play upon which you could not ask God's blessing. The Bible says, 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' Innocent recreation thus engaged in, is not unbecoming a child of God. We read of the day when 'Holiness to the Lord' shall be written even upon the bells of the horses, that is, upon all the occupations and possessions of men. Why should it not be written on the sleds and skates of boys as well as anything else? It is a false and very injurious notion, that religion is inconsistent with any real good. It ought rather to heighten our enjoyment of it, because it leads us to recognize and be grateful to the Giver of all."

"Well, mother, I shall respect Eddy more than ever, now I know he acts from principle."

"I trust you will, and I hope that you too as well as he will learn, not only to work and to study, but to play as a Christian." — *Child at Home.*

## ENIGMA No. 16.

I am composed of 69 letters.

My 28, 18, 39, 65, 50, 26, 48 is not a good place for morals.

My 31, 9, 43 is to reach.

My 29, 15, 46, 51, 37 is a soldier.

My 12, 37, 50, 64, 58 the Pharisees did.

My 6, 49, 33, 42, 60 is unoccupied ground.

My 14, 1, 35 is a measure.

My 23, 57, 25, 21, 32, 47, 54, 2 is a guide.

My 7, 40, 52, 16, 4, 30, 36, 61, 15, 53, 33, 10 signifies im-pregnated with a bitter plant.

My 59, 63, 15, 56, 67, 55, 69 is to scratch the skin.

My 24, 11, 22, 3 is regard.

My 19, 5, 8 is a fairy.

My 17, 13, 20, 41 is to treat with familiarity.

My 44, 45 is a man.

My 62, 34, 68 is a wager.

My whole was written by Paul.

BEECHER'S IDEA OF A BOY. — At twelve, at fourteen certainly, a boy is capable of taking care of himself out of doors. He ought to be able to drive a horse, to climb the highest tree, to swim skillfully, to carry a gun safely and to use it aright, to be of such a manly disposition as not to provoke attack, or, if wantonly assailed, to have such a courageous way of using himself as that the same miscreant will not choose to meddle with him the second time. Nimble of hand, quick of foot, strong of loins, patient of fatigue, loving action for mere luxury. — This is the boy that a pious mother finds it not hard to train Christianly, and when to this outward freedom is added the self-control which a true religion gives, he will grow up such a man as the State needs — as good men honor — and true women fervently love. — *Christian Union.*

THE blood of a healthy, full-grown, average man weighs twenty pounds.

WORLDLY pleasures are no more able to satisfy the soul than the light of a candle to give day to the world.

RHETORIC AND LOGIC. — Demosthenes said of Phocion that he upset by his logic what he set up by his rhetoric.

ONE solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the depths of poverty; but not a whole people.

## Correspondence.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE GLEANINGS.

The M. E. Society in South New Market, under the pastorate of Rev. M. T. Cilley, contemplate building a suite of vestries under their church. The ladies held a fair recently, in the Town Hall, and cleared some three hundred dollars towards the project.

The Dover District Ministerial Association met with this church on June the 15th. There was the largest attendance of preachers we have known for several years. The work on the District was represented, in the class-meeting, to be in a very prosperous condition. More than usual attention is being given to the Sabbath-school department. The social meetings are well attended, and on a few charges, the Sabbath congregations have been greatly increased. Seabrook is a marked case, where Rev. H. Montgomery, has succeeded (against unusual opposition from other enterprises) in filling



his house with hearers, and some souls have cried for mercy. His prospects are brightening; and with the hearty coöperation of his brethren, Bro. Montgomery will take a good part of that region for his Master.

There were several live questions discussed, but for want of space we will omit some and notice such as were handled the most lively. Rev. C. N. Dunning presented a very interesting paper on—"Shall the Bible be excluded from our common schools?" It elicited a great deal of discussion, and in some instances there was a careful shading of views. Rev. E. Smith gave it as his opinion that Methodist Ministers, if put to the test, would vote for retaining the Bible in the schools.

Only one sermon on the Sabbath is a very interesting question in this section of the Conference. Rev. J. Thurston, read a fine essay on the subject, which by a vote of the Association was requested for publication in the HERALD. The doctrine advocated, from first to last, was strongly in favor of the change, basing the argument upon the importance of more time for the study of the Scriptures in the Sabbath-school. There was but little opposition manifested, and we formed the opinion, that warm weather is the safe time to advocate this doctrine.

Rev. E. Smith gave the best paper on holiness as a specialty at camp-meetings that we have ever heard. His incisive thoughts laid the subject open, making each part plain, and his clear views gave satisfaction to all interested in the subject.

Rev. C. M. Dinmore read a very elaborate and suggestive essay on the correct standard of church architecture, and Rev. A. R. Lunt, handled the idea of organizing all New England Methodism into one annual conference.

Rev. E. F. Pitcher, preached an excellent sermon on Wednesday evening, on PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

We had a two days' session, were well entertained, and went home feeling well pleased with the meeting.

#### PROVIDENCE ITEMS.

The religious interest of the several Methodist churches of this city and vicinity is good, speaking after the manner of men. Five were at the altar for prayers Sabbath evening at Trinity, and we hear of one here and there, now and then, inquiring the way to Zion. Less than one third of our church members attend class, and about one half partake at any one sacramental supper.

Six different religious, denominational, ministerial meetings have been held in this city and vicinity within the past few weeks, but I cannot hear that the surface of our staid religious interest has been rippled. I do not suppose this was a part of the business. They discussed the polity of churches and doctrines, creeds and the traditions of men, and the Greek, and Hebrew, and they have gone, and sin was never more rampant in this city than now. Two of these bodies were colored conferences, and I do not think they can complain of a want of attention from their white Christian brethren. Recently, however, Senator Revels, who came here to lecture, was refused entertainment at the big hotel. This is Providence plantation, and no doubt this old ward has something to do in keeping up the spirit of landed aristocracy which predominates in this State. If a man owns real estate in Rhode Island he is all right, his title to a part of the plantation gives him a place he cannot attain by talent or learning.

The feature of our State, which gives us notoriety is our race-course. It is now in full blast, and gambling and fast driving are the order of the day. But, then, we are assured the beneficent design of this affair is to improve the breed of horses.

The Prohibitory Bill was put over in the Legislature until its next session by dickerings politicians. The most commendable body of men, standing in official positions we know of, is the Board of Water Commissioners, who are evidently more in earnest on the water questions than the Temperance Committee of the Legislature. Rev. Bro. Barnes, of the Chestnut St. Church, has been voted a leave of absence two months, on account of failing health. We pray for his speedy restoration and safe return. The society pay his salary and supply the pulpit.

Rev. Bro. Carrol, of South Providence is prosecuting the work of getting subscriptions for a new church with excellent success. The lot is bought and paid for, and three thousand dollars subscribed toward six thousand required before they are to begin work. They are limited so as to carry not over two thousand dollars debt. Mathewson St. Church subscribed one thousand five hundred, last Sabbath morning. The official board of this church have accepted an invitation to worship with the Unitarians, over the way, whilst their house is undergoing repairs. It is the most convenient thing they could do, but it would be better for the cause of Jesus if they had gone a little further and not fraternized too closely with those who deny the efficacy of that blood which all Christians hold dear. Christian courtesy is a good thing, and votes of thanks in response to such favors, should be unanimously given; but Methodists ought never to get where it will be impudent to warn the ungodly of the dangers of the pit that burneth, or to preach the vicarious sufferings of the Son of God, or where in appearance their fellowship the most subtle infidelity of the age.

Rev. Bro. Read of Willimantic, took to himself a wife last Monday in the East Main St. Church, Norwich, with the aid of Rev. Dr. Newhall, assisted by Rev. Mr. McChesney. Seven other ministers were in attendance. His wedding tour is to the national camp-meeting. We hope they may return to dwell always in the land of Babel.

Rev. Bro. Mains, at St. Paul's, Fall River, is being blessed

of the Lord in seeing the salvation of souls; and the long continued revival which prospered under Bro. King at the First Church continues under the faithful labors of Bro. Wright.

A Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society has been formed in this city, with Mrs. Nathan Hall, for President, Mrs. John Kendrick, Treasurer, Miss Mary Lewis, Corresponding, and Miss Martha Gardner, Recording Secretary. A Vice-President and Manager was chosen from each church. So another wheel is added to our vast machinery, much of which is already idle.

Last evening was one of the pleasantest occasions at the Chestnut St. lecture room often enjoyed. This benevolent people, although oppressed by debt incurred by damages done their church during the great gale, and deprived of their pastor by his illness, nevertheless, do not forget the children. A bounteous treat of strawberries and cream, ice cream and other edibles, caused the little folks to rejoice greatly. Z.

#### MONUMENTS OF OLD SOUTH CAROLINA.

One who has passed his life in our dear New England, is illy prepared for the entirely different state of things here in South Carolina. Few places in all Christendom, I apprehend, have been so unlike what true Republicanism should be.

My purpose at this time is to give a brief sketch of some of the monuments which they have reared with the money of the poor, for their own glorification, and which, like nuggets of gold cast upon a worthless soil, are made to represent the real state and value of things.

#### THE ORPHAN ASYLUM

Is a beautiful building, the finest which we saw while in the city, and it is ostensibly a charity institution.

When strangers come into the place, the lordly take pleasure in exhibiting to them the evidences of their thrift and goodness. They take them to see their other fine things, of which they have a few, and at last they are brought to look at this institution, and are made to see what a wonderful people the South Carolinians are. What a monument is this to their civilization, their Christian zeal, and their charity! What splendor care do they take of their poor, and especially of the fatherless and the motherless!

The truth is that this splendid show—the concentered tears of the poor—is not for the poor orphans at all, but for the rich, the poor having no more right and privilege there than they have in the moon. The money is gathered up from the masses, and of course principally from the poor, for the sole benefit of the aristocratic ring. A few "blood" families have controlled this for themselves, as they have controlled everything else here in South Carolina, so that the really poor—both black and white—have no rights and privileges left to them but to toil hard and be robbed at last.

#### THE INSANE HOSPITAL.

What I have said in regard to the orphan house is about equally true of the institution for the insane, which is at Columbia, their capital city. This is about the only other foreground which they have in which to set out fine public buildings.

There is now in this asylum a raving minister of the Baptist persuasion, who, during the secession, turned aside from his message of mercy and reconciliation to man, to urge it forward, declaring that he "would drink all the blood that should be shed in the South" in consequence of it. Was he not equally insane then as now? Yes, would it not have been better to have put him in the hospital then, that he might be out of it now?

#### THE MODERN BABEL.

But the principal monument to which I wish to refer is a real Babel. It is the unfinished State House at Columbia. It was magnificent in its design, and was to be most elaborate in its finish. Granite and marble were the principal materials, and the cost was to be from five to ten or twelve millions of dollars, and some say even more than the last mentioned figures, thus placing it ahead of any other like building in all the land. The principal walls were already up, ready to receive the ponderous cornice stones. The marble for the floors was all ready to be laid, and stored in a temporary shed. The marble and granite capitals were nearly all cut, many of them requiring a year's labor to fit them, while none could be cut in less than six months time. Several sheds were stored with these and with other expensive parts of the work. The old State House stood near by and had much valuable material stored in it, besides the rare paintings collected and ready for the new. Thus was nearly everything well advanced, giving hope that at no distant day the various parts would all be put in place, and the whole thing stand out before the wondering eyes of men as a monument of the greatness, of the glory, of the wealth, of the enterprise, and of the liberality of the State of South Carolina.

Then could the great law-makers go up to a worthy capital to make their laws for the oppression of the slaves and the swindling of the whites; then could the great men of other States and other lands, come up to a splendid reception and a splendid show; then could the Government of the Confederate States come up to Columbia and say "Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." And "slavery" shall be its "corner-stone."

"And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, 'Behold the people is one, and they have all one language,' (slav-

ery, oppression,) "and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do." And his great heart of pity was touched. He could not bear to see such a monument under heaven, made out of the petrified blood and tears of his suffering sons and daughters; and lo, the fire kindles upon the old State House, and it is turned to ashes with all that it contains. The flames smite against the solid granite walls of the new building, and its corner-stone crackles, crumbles, falls. The flames spread to the machine-shop, and the expensive machinery is consumed; they kindled upon shed after shed, till all, with all their precious contents are turned to naught, leaving but a few pieces besides some columns which lay outside, that are not utterly destroyed. Thus in a moment, as it were, are their hopes blasted and the labors of centuries, with millions of money, are swept away.

By this fire God has confounded them in the midst of their work, and holds them in derision; for they have gone so far that it cannot be given up, and they have no means to go on with the work.

A temporary roof has been put on, and something is being done inside to make the building of some use. But if ever it is completed according to the original design, it will not be as the result of oppression and blood. The work will be done by free hands as a noble offering to freedom, and in it shall righteous laws be enacted. It was not to have been the people's capitol, though the people should build it. The people have never been able to cast their vote for the President. The people have never had a hand in the choice of their Governor, nor in the choice of their law-makers. All, all has been controlled by the oligarchal ring for themselves and not for the people. But, thank God, that ring is being driven to the wall; and though, "like a wounded snake it drags its slow length along," the voice of the people of South Carolina is being heard, and the triumph of a free government is sure.

The poor man shall yet have his rights. Then shall come the school-house to dot the South as it dots the North. Then shall the Church publish another gospel than hate. Then shall come forth charitable institutions of another kind, which shall be a true reflex of the state of society, and the prosperity of the people. Then shall the term, charity, when used here in the South, be no misnomer as it has been in the past.

Republicanism can do this—Republicanism with its school-masters and its school-master and its busy hands—Republicanism with its holy ministers, with the Bible in their hands and the Holy Ghost in their hearts crying aloud and sparing not, arousing the people to a faith in God and the judgment-day and calling them back to a conscience they have so long lost.

#### Our Book Table.

##### STORIES.

WOMAN'S REST, by Grace Aguilar (Appletons), continues her series of tales, healthful in sentiment and treatment.

JOB TUFTON'S REST, and THE HARPER FAMILY, are two temperance tales, of goodly size and character, published by the National Temperance Union.

##### EDUCATIONAL.

MARY'S GRAMMAR, by Mrs. Marcet (Appletons), is a pretty conceit, in which stories about grammar are well strung together. As grammar is the duldest of children's studies, and is made duller by its treatment, this book takes the dullness all out. Every teacher ought to get it.

CEESAR'S COMMENTARIES, with Notes, by Albert Harkness (Appletons), is a good preparation of this preparatory book. That tedious book of bridge-building and Germanic barbaric names should be given to boys to study, is another of the absurdities of Latin scholasticism that ought to be abandoned. If the children had extracts of Ovid, the most charming of ancient story-tellers, or Virgil, easy and pleasant, or others, they would be far more agreeable than this very accurate, and very cold and anti-childish military report.

ELOCUTION, by Prof. McVaine (Appletons), gives the science of this art, which is useful for all who have the natural gifts, and they won't use it.

##### LITERARY LEAVINGS.

The Old and New has passed into the hands of Roberts Brothers. It will be printed by Rand, Avery, & Frye.

Every Saturday is the finest artistic paper published in America. It is an honor to the craft. As in Harper's Weekly, one always finds it healthful, as well as handsome. Its selections are as good as its pictures.

Charles Sumner's Works, in ten volumes, are nearly ready. The first edition, of 1,000 copies, will have his autograph. Lee & Shepard publish the work. It will be a choice treasure of learning, eloquence, and principle, an oratorical history that no man, since Demosthenes, can surpass. All who want a fine series for their libraries, will do well to subscribe soon to Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The Congregationalist has a good notice of Rev. N. D. George's work against Annihilation, in which it says:—

"We are not prepared to say that this volume is to be relied upon as always competent in exegesis, or in general reasoning, to overthrow the annihilationist positions, and convince truly good men, who have been bitten by it, that it has no standing in the Word of God, or in any sound philosophy. But it does seem to us that in the general, and for many persons, at least, the effect of the careful reading of this work will be good."

#### New Publications Received.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	PUBLISHERS.	FOR SALE BY.
Poems, Rosetti,	Roberts Bros.	
Bloomfield, Warren,	Lothrop & Co.	
The Three Rules, Boyd,	J. P. Skelley & Co.	
Kitty Farnham's Letters,		
Our Boys and Girls,	Lee & Shepard.	



THE HERALD.

BOSTON, JUNE 30, 1870.

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Articles published with the names of the authors are not necessarily expressive of the views of this journal.

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THE BOOK CONCERN AND THE HERALD.

*The Northern Advocate* thinks we have "cast aspersions on the character of the Book Committee." Far from it. We condemned them for censuring one of the General Conference officers without trial, especially after they had twice before declared him blameless. We should have said the same had they treated Dr. Lore in like manner. Our note was not objecting to their position on the questions at issue, but to their attempt to reawaken a slumbering fire by coming together and condemning a brother without trial, whom after long investigation they had declared innocent. It thinks "we cling fondly to the skirts of the Bishop." It would do our beloved Auburn associate no harm if it should once in a while cling to these fathers and brethren. So far as we can see, they have as much right to speak as any of the editors. It is a matter belonging exclusively to the Book Committee and agents. The editors have no more right to mix in it than any other parties. Editorials, supplements, all attempts to affect public opinion, *pro* or *con*, in the matter, are as foreign from their sphere as from that of the Bishops. More foreign in fact; for our Bishops are the recognized heads of the Church in the interim of the General Conference, and in a matter so painful and distracting as this, have a right to express their views of what is due to the safety of the Church. We did not say how they were affected as to the controversy itself. All we said was, that the attempt to arrest and try Dr. Lannan had not meet with their approval. That is no secret, nor nothing strange; for we have yet to see the first man that has favored that act. We hope *The Northern* will cling to the same honored skirts, and respect the authority which seeks peace.

It culminates its chastisement by styling us, with others, "semi-Methodist press." Even this we can endure. Started nearly twenty years before *The Northern*, loyal to the Church through every struggle, *THE HERALD* can afford to be called "semi-Methodist!" It is one of those pretty epithets that only hurt the hurler.

*The New York Advocate* copied these remarks, and thus made notice of them necessary. We can only say, that the course of *THE HERALD* from the start has been strictly impartial. It has never expressed an opinion as to the truth or falsehood of the charges. We have never said a word derogatory of any of the agents. Dr. Carlton has been treated as kindly in our columns as Dr. Lunahan, and *vice versa*. We have only said, what everybody says, that a divided jury cannot give a satisfactory verdict; that the brethren of the Committee hopelessly disagree; that the only cure is a reference of the matter to another board. We have stood there from the first. Every step in the matter only convinces us of the wisdom of that position. The Church press outside of New York, with the exception of *The Western*, does not sympathize with the heated tone of the controversy that there obtains. Neither *The Methodist* nor *Advocate* seems to calmly consider the subject. Very bitter words pass between them. They speak of the brethren involved in the case harshly, and we think unjustly. We do not agree with *The Methodist* in its language concerning the Committee, nor with *The Advocate*, in its language concerning a brother minister and official of the Church. We believe it would be far better for this whole case, and for the peace and prosperity of the Church in New York, which is sadly torn by this fratricidal strife, if the brethren who manage these sheets, members of the same Conference as they are, would

meet together, pray together, talk together, and labor together in the unity of the Spirit, and the bonds of peace, for the right adjustment of these difficulties. *The Northern* enters the fray as a combatant, demands a trial, and all the startling appendages. It must count that cost. It means a big time. The Bishops whom it seems to ignore, appear then officially on the scene. Lawyers will arraign evidence, and sift it. The court must be open to the public. The papers will be full of the story, and as big and pretty a quarrel as is recorded in ecclesiastical history will keep the Church and people by the ears for months. The World's Alliance will meet and enjoy this spectacle of the leaders of the Methodist Church biting and devouring one another. It will be a fine commentary on our love and unity.

To complete the absurdity, nobody believes a unanimous verdict can be reached. The minds of the Committee cannot be united. It is not certain that their Episcopal associates will agree. To a division of the lower, may be added a division of the upper court, and the Church will plunge into farther trouble and strife.

If a majority expel Dr. Lanahan, the case will go up, in some form, to the next General Conference. It will be appealed there actually, if not formally, and the matter will all be reheard before that body. So the war continues, if the policy of the two New York *Advocates* prevail. Cooler counsels are wiser. All the General Conference journals but these three, *The New York, Auburn, and Cincinnati*, are in about the same position as *THE HERALD*. *The Central* says:—

"As friends to all the members of the Committee, and to the Book Agents, we have steadily endeavored to prevent an embittered and useless discussion. It is but just, and fair to all parties to cease the useless charging and countercharging about our Book Concern difficulties. . . . We

feel that it becomes us as brethren, to be careful of our words in speaking upon these topics. The true, just, and Christian position is to wait in patience, love, and prayer, the issue, and especially to pray for the peace of the Church. We can stand nothing better than a consciousness of bitterness toward our fellow ministers, for that involves sin against God. We exhort the Church to follow peace with all men."

*The Northwestern* speaks in like spirit:—

"Nothing is more important than that we, in this remote part of the Church, should maintain a high and dispassionate position on this subject. The question is, no doubt, assuming a most intense form in New York. Its adjustment at General Conference must, of necessity, fall into the hands of those whose cooler judgments can decide what is right in the premises. It becomes us here to avoid, as far as possible, participation in the struggle. Our delegates to the General Conference may have a great work to do in the case, and should go to that work undeclared and unprejudiced. So only will their verdict be influential within and without the Church. We hope that at the approaching Conferences, both reports will be quietly received and filed. In the absence of all the evidence, we cannot be intelligent judges. The calmest mind in the Church must save it at this hour."

*The Pittsburg* is alike calm and impartial. So are *The Atlanta* and *San Francisco*. The rest of the Methodist press, except the *New York Methodist*, is alike collected. Not one of them seems ruffled. "Semi-*Methodist*" they may be, but they exhibit the old Methodist grace of perfect love a good deal better than some of their whole-Methodist kindred. All of them feel the importance of the questions. All wish for only justice, and that in love. Would that our good brethren of Auburn and Broadway enjoyed like sweetness and calm.

Nobody believes the Book Concern is going to pieces. It was never stronger than it is to-day. It will come out of this trial, improved in its business exactitude, and not injured in its trade or reputation. There has been an undue fear of harm to its affairs, and charges have been rung with great freedom against certain members of our Church as seeking this result. We dislike all such words. They are not true nor brotherly. Men honestly differ. Some eminent business brethren believed the business of the Concern loosely managed. They spoke of it in the right spirit and as lovers of their Church. They may have been mistaken; but they were honest in their fears. Treat them as honest. No one ever yet conquered a foe by calling him all manner of bad names. Their views may be condemned severely, but they should be treated as brothers. This has not been the case on either side of the controversy in New York. None of them have spoken always as becometh brethren. All of them have justified themselves for their course, and to the

own consciences, doubtless, stand acquitted. But the public have felt differently.

We pray and hope that the difficulty may be settled without going before the courts. Mr. Goodenough has sued Dr. Lanahan. Now let both agree to take it out of the jury, and leave it to referees. It is often done. Let them push their investigations thoroughly before such a body, and the decision will greatly affect the general mind. Meantime, our beloved censor of Western New York must be careful to discriminate between our condemnation of the Book Committee for a single act, and our expressing any opinion on the controversy itself. The last we have never done. We don't know anything about it. The former we did, partly to save the Doctor from possible harm. He, too, is in the hands of the Committee. It might be tempted to give him a slap in the shape of a resolve, and retreat under its own fire. We are out of danger. With Hamlet we can say: "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

The poor Methodists of Boston, without the aid of the General Conference, have secured comfortable quarters for their "semi-Methodist" paper, and when the Doctor is driven forth from his pleasant country retreat by that possible resolve, a chair may be ordered to be vacated in this building, and he installed in its seat. So for his sake we make our petition. May all our brethren be guided in this perplexing matter in quietude, charity, and righteousness. Let them "be kindly affectioned to one another in brotherly love, in honor preferring one another." That is a good recipe, and happily fits the present disease. May the doctors engaged in this consultation prescribe this medicine to all their patients, and take a good dose themselves. Then all will come out of the affair better in soul, and the Concern itself prove not the worse in estate for this panacea of grace.

## RED CLOUD ON THE RIGHT WAR-PATH.

For the first time in the history of the Indians, that representative man has taken the right track. He has gone on the platform. He makes his appeals to the public. In Cooper Institute, and elsewhere, he addressed, last week, five thousand people, and with the orator of the tribe, Red Dog, spoke with force and bitterness against the whites, and the treatment they had received from our government and people. Their words were manly and true. Let them repeat the same through all the land. This nation needs to be made sensible of its iniquitous treatment of the original inhabitants. No worse treatment marks any human history. Only a few weeks ago, a few Indians on the Yellow Stone, stole some horses from a trader's camp, probably their own horses. The whites pursued them, drove them into a cañon or narrow gorge. They took refuge on a raft, and went over the falls, eighteen men and women; and yet, as they were going over, one of the band, a half-breed, shot and killed several of the party, and had not God taken them out of the hands of these cruel men, all would have perished by their rifles; for they confessed murder was in their hearts.

This is the way they are generally treated. It is time their chiefs appealed to the people. Red Cloud demands a delegate of the Sioux in Congress. It is a right demand. They are forty thousand strong, why should they not be represented? It is the best sign of the right settlement of this question of the centuries that has been suggested. Let him be not only a delegate, but a representative. Let him have a right to vote, as well as speak. Erect the Indian territory into a State. Make Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, and their people voters in their precincts, and get this people ready for the citizenship which will alone prevent their wars, and erect the aborigines in their rights and liberties. Let Red Cloud keep on this war-path. He will find brains better game than scalps, and he can string his belt with the best in the country, if he will only continue to speak in our towns and cities.

He talks this good talk, on whiskey, tobacco, and shoddy:—

"The troops in his country are all afoot, and the government is throwing away its money for nothing. The officers there are all whiskey-drinkers. Great Father sends out these whiskey-drinkers because he does not want them around him here. I do not allow my nation, or any white man, to bring a drop of liquor into my country; if he does, that is the last of him and his liquor too. Spotted Tail can drink as much as he



pleases on the Missouri river, and they can kill one another if they choose. I do not hold myself responsible for what Spotted Tail and traders do there. When you buy me anything with my money, I want you to buy me what is useful. I don't want musty flour or rotten tobacco, and old soldiers' clothes dyed black, such as you brought to Spotted Tail. I only tell you what is true; you have had a great war, but, after it was all over, you permitted the chiefs who had been fighting, to come back."

Let him stick to this programme, and we shall get over our prejudices against color, and "go in" for Red Cloud and Fred Douglas for President and Vice-President of the United States. Juarez is a pure Indian, and is the best President Mexico has had. Why will not Red Cloud yet do for the rest of the country?

#### WELCOME PRESBYTERIANS.

*The Congregationalist* don't seem to like Rev. J. B. Dunn's proposition to the Assembly to erect a New England Synod. It is very generous, and has "nothing but good wishes for all endeavors to provide churches for that Scotch-Irish and other elements in our great population, which would be much more happy and useful in Presbyterianism, than under any other polity."

But when it comes to preaching the Gospel to every creature that is not of Scotch-Irish, or kindred origin, then its feelings are stirred up. "But we very much doubt whether the Presbyterian Church accommodation now existing hereabouts does not sufficiently meet their wants; and we do not believe it is a wise, or will prove a successful, endeavor to establish Presbyterian churches here as seeking to rival or supplant Congregationalism."

We do not understand such to be Mr. Dunn's mission, any more than it is the mission of Congregationalism in Brooklyn to supplant Presbyterianism. The field is the world. New England is a part of that field. Every Christian church has a right to cultivate this field. Our Congregational brethren can cultivate but a portion of it. Weeds and briars spring up. If the great Presbyterian Church sends its servants hither, we welcome them as we would Congregationalists, if they intruded on what some not unfairly considered the Methodist patrimony of the prairies. Rev. Mr. Dunn is doing an excellent work for God in this city. He is the foremost champion of his faith in the Temperance war; he is none the less a leader in other Christian conflicts. In the short time he has been here, he has made himself a power and a name. He may be called "a sanguine young brother," and informed that "should he live to a good old age he may gain a large increase of wisdom," but the fact remains, that there is no preacher in this city to-day more successful, or more deserving of success. There is still much land to be possessed. Orthodoxy has a hard fight to fight. It should not turn its guns upon any new regiment that marches on the field. If he can get up four or five new Presbyterian churches in a year in and about Boston, let him do it. He will only stir other churches to new zeal. He may take a few from the Methodist ranks, but he will make them work hard, and fight hot in his division.

Every Church that has attempted to enter this territory has been warned off as trespassers. Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, have each been told they do not belong here. But they find good quarters, and the best blood of Pilgrims and Puritans flows in their veins. They have done their elder brother no harm, but good. Congregationalism is stronger and better to-day for this amalgamation. So will it be if Presbyterianism gets a real foothold in New England. Welcome, Blücher, to our Waterloo. Let not the Indians' cordial reception of the fathers of Congregationalism put to blush the opposite course of those fathers' sons. "Welcome, Englishmen," should be imitated to-day by all of us who are on the soil; and "Welcome Presbyterians," be our greeting to our incoming brethren. May that great Church which is so powerful out of New England aid her sister churches in reducing all this domain to Christ.

#### MIXED SCHOOLS.

*The New York Observer* does not like the idea of educating young people together. It says:—

"The world must be very different, and human nature must be another thing, before it will be wise and profitable to educate young men and women in the same institution, and with the

same curriculum. The association is not, for the majority, favorable to habits of study. It may, indeed, awaken wonderfully the dormant intellects of a few, and stimulate excessively the energies of others. But the greater number of each sex would do more thorough and natural work if studying under other circumstances and influences."

As a scholar, and officer in schools of this sort, we must differ with *The Observer*. We believe both boys and girls are more easily managed in mixed than in separate schools; that each refines the other, makes the scholarship better, makes essays and declamations better, makes their natures better. Wilbraham initiated this system under Dr. Fisk. It has been wonderfully successful there and elsewhere in our Church. Scores of thousands of young men and women have thus been educated together, with great mutual benefit. If it is so wrong, why does not nature drive all the girls or boys out of the family as they approach maturity? The fact is, that the only thing that can cure our colleges of their vices, is the introduction of ladies. The young men will be better in behavior, culture, and scholarship when their sisters follow them to college. Had Dr. Fisk built up Middletown as boldly as he did Wilbraham, it would have been to-day the largest of New England colleges, as that school is the largest of New England seminaries. When the young men and women study together, they will respect the more each other's brains, and none the less each other's hearts.

#### A SECOND VISIT TO DREW.

A year ago we ran up the dusty mountain rail to Madison, wandered through its grounds, chatted with its officers, admired it, and enjoyed them. Last week, Wednesday, we again climbed that dusty mountain rail-path, looking out on the hill-side beauties of Orange, almost uniting Boston suburban roads and houses with Jersey forests, and on the broad rich hills and hollows of the summit, and dropped, after a little over an hour from New York, at the same green haunt. Entering the spacious grounds, we saw another sight than that which greeted us then. Lines of carriages were drawn up at one of these new and pleasant houses. People moved softly over the broad verandah. In the room where we had talked with its host, he lay in that last narrow room, awaiting his last ride and deposition in his "long home." His face was calm, and the familiar smile almost played over the features. It seemed as if "our friend Lazarus sleepeth" could be said of this friend of Christ, though the other word and deed came not, "I go that I may awaken him out of his sleep." The body of Dr. Nadal was in that narrow chamber appointed for all the living. A year before, in the spacious parlor of the Seminary, we spent a cheerful evening with five or six brethren. One half, and the better half of that company, had vanished forever from the earth. Bishop Kingsley, Dr. McClintock, and Dr. Nadal were gone. Three months, only, separated their entrance into Paradise. It seemed as if Dr. McClintock, having found heaven so sweet, might have urged the Angel of Death, who is to the holy the Angel of Life, to hasten the consummation of the forces of disease in his brother and co-worker, and to call him up to the serene seats where he was resting. And the Lord hearkened and heard, and sent His angels to invite His servant to like blessed rewards. Struck with a deadly sickness on Thursday, he sunk speedily into a comatose condition, from which he departed into life on the following Monday, June 20th. Rev. Dr. Ferris conducted the services at the house, and the procession passed the long line of grounds designed for the University, over to Morristown, four miles distant. In our new and beautiful stone church, the costliest in the State, and one of our few great churches in the land, the general obsequies were observed. Dr. Crooks made the chief address, describing happily the qualities of the departed, and being especially felicitous in his introductory thoughts on the earthly immortality of all true souls,

"The accepted spirits  
That rule us from their urns."

Bishop James made a few affectionate and affecting remarks, and the body moved away to its last home in the neighboring cemetery.

Dr. Nadal was born in Maryland, in 1815, and passed most of his years in the Baltimore and East Baltimore Conferences. He early showed himself a great student, and though lacking much training when he joined the Conference, in 1835, he pursued his

studies so faithfully that in 1847 he received the Baccalaureate degree, in course, at Dickinson. After that, his steps were rapid in study and reputation. He became an accomplished German scholar, and was well versed in theological and general literature. Two years ago he was elected Professor of Historic Theology in the Drew Seminary, and has been one of its most industrious and successful teachers.

Being a Marylander by birth and training, he was not an early advocate of the cause of emancipation, but rather the reverse. Yet his conscience grew with culture, and when the war broke out, he threw himself, with great ardor, into the cause of the country, and accepted and approved the destruction of its chief enemy. Stationed then at Sand Street, in Brooklyn, he preached his first political sermon. The string of his tongue was loosed, and facts and fervor poured forth from the long-pent up spirit. Hon. Moses Odell, a Democratic member of Congress, belonging to the Church, was present. His heart had been hard, after the New York City Democratic hardness, — almost the worst in the land, — against the slave and the abolitionist, the Republicans and the war. He heard his Southern minister preaching politics, and such politics, — almost, if not quite as bad as Beecher was preaching, just across the way. He grew white with astonishment. But he listened and obeyed, and no member of Congress, during the war, was more trusted by Abraham Lincoln, or more true to the national cause, than this New York Democrat.

On the War Committee, he was in frequent and confidential relations with the Government. His conversion and growth in that patriotic grace was due largely to the political preaching, in public and private, of his Maryland pastor. Dr. Nadal was Chaplain of the Senate one year of the war, when stationed at Washington, and was honored with the confidence of President Lincoln. He was a graceful writer, an earnest theologian, giving no place to false doctrine, no, not for an hour or a point. He detected the folly of compromises in these matters, and went steadily for the Gospel, the whole Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel.

New York Methodism has had many severe admonitions of late. May it, and all the Church hear the voice speaking from behind the veil: "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh. Blessed is that servant whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching."

#### PROHIBITION DEAD IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The two houses have passed a bill allowing the sale of lager, ale, and porter to be drank on the premises, and the Governor has signed the same. Free rum has accomplished its objects. There is one saving clause: each town and city shall decide whether it will allow this traffic. But that condition is of small effect. In most cities the demoralization is already complete, and the tide they send out will deluge all the less populous neighborhoods. This State is, practically, but one town. It is difficult, if not impossible, to long preserve a vital difference between city and country. "All slave, or all free," Lincoln said the country must be. All rum, or all Prohibition, is as true of this reform. Boston has conquered. Last year the evil course began in exempting cider, though that was forbidden to be drank upon the premises. The effort was then made by some Temperance leaders to exclude malt liquors from the provisions of the bill. It failed. This year it has succeeded.

With it tumbles the whole structure. No one will discriminate between port and porter, between strong beer, and weak whiskey. We are slain in the house of our friends. Every Prohibitionist that voted for, or in any way approves this measure, though he knew it not, has killed Prohibition. What is the duty of those who believe in this great principle? To give it up? Never. To accept this state of affairs? Never. To stay in the Republican party, which has given us these stones for its proffered neutral bread, and this whiskey for its promised waterless water? That is for Republicans to consider. Party lines are strong, but God is stronger. As at present constituted, the Prohibition element has no power to appeal to the Democrats. Many of them sympathize with us. They cannot be reached unless a platform is built up free of all old issues — the redemption of the State and the nation



from rum. A hundred Republican Prohibitionists in the Legislature have given the State over to free liquor. A Prohibition Republican Governor signs the bill. A Prohibition Republican Senator accepts the measure. We are without help from the Republican party. There is only one road possible. If that is pursued, the future is with this cause. If not, the State and nation is subdued to rum, and there is no possible salvation. Let the people pray over this matter. Let them faithfully consider their duty. God help us to meet this call like men, like Christians, and so unite and work, that from this bottom into which we have been cast, our ascent may be steady, and soar to the only ultimate and satisfactory result—the complete suppression of all sale or use of intoxicating beverages.

The veto of the Hartford and Erie Bill was right. The Hartford and Erie managers had squandered the millions the State had loaned them on their own lusts. They did not intend to build a road to the Hudson, and will not if they get more State aid. It is rascality and nothing else. But how much more is the opening of dram shops all over the Commonwealth. Villages and towns, which have long been without the presence of this evil, are to be subdued to its sway. A veto would have saved this. The Senate passed it by only one majority, and would have sustained the veto. This is the natural result of the unwillingness to enforce the whole law, and of the childish talk about going back to the pledge, and moral suasion. There was not the least need for either course. The voters of this State do not largely drink lager or porter. The whole traffic could have been controlled and extirpated. Now we must do as Mr. Wilson advises, go to the bottom, but not to that which he proposes. The only bottom that can be built upon now, is Political Party Prohibition. That issue is forced upon all who believe that the State ought not to support the gigantic crime of selling intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Unless the Republican party put this prominently into their platform, a new party will assuredly arise who will put it exclusively into theirs.

There is much talk in our Church of apportioning the work to the bishops. This is partially carried out in the Church South. How it looks may be seen in the following—

#### PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION FOR 1870.

##### First District—Bishop Paine.

Western Virginia, Catoctinburg, August 31.  
Kentucky, Covington, September 13.  
Louisville, Greenburg, September 25.

##### Second District—Bishop McTear.

Western, Leavenworth City, September 1.  
Missouri, Columbia, September 14.  
St. Louis, Booneville, October 5.  
Illinois, Kilmann, October 19.  
Alabama, —, December 7.

##### Third District—Bishop Keener.

White River, Mt. Zion, September 23.  
Arkansas, Clarksville, October 12.  
Indian Mission, Fort Gibson, October 26.  
Little Rock, Washington, November 30.

##### Fourth District—Bishop Doggett.

Tennessee, Pulaski, October 5.  
Memphis, Brownsville, November 16.  
North Mississippi, Water Valley, November 30.  
Mississippi, Crystal Springs, December 14.  
Louisiana, New Orleans, January 4.

##### Fifth District—Bishop Kavanaugh.

Holston, Wytheville, October 5.  
North Alabama, Gadsden, November 16.  
North Georgia, Augusta, November 30.  
South Georgia, Fort Valley, December 14.  
Florida, Key West, January 4.

##### Sixth District—Bishop Pierce.

Virginia, Lynchburg, November 9.  
North Carolina, Greensboro, November 23.  
South Carolina, Charleston, December 7.  
Baltimore, Salem, March 8.

##### Seventh District—Bishop Marvin.

Trinity, Jefferson, October 19.  
East Texas, Carthage, November 2.  
Northwest Texas, Waco, November 16.  
West Texas, San Marcos, November 30.  
Texas, Chapel Hill, December 14.

##### Eighth District—Bishop Wightman.

Columbia, Dallas, September 7.  
Pacific, Stockton, October 5.  
Los Angeles, Los Angeles, October 26.

This does not necessitate Episcopal residence in their districts, but only their more thorough visitation and supervision by those set over them. They may be changed every year. It is an improvement on any plan we have heard suggested by our Church, and it can do no harm to consider it. The foreign work can thus be assigned for one, or two or more years, to a bishop, who shall spend that time in that district. It is a modification of the idea sought that prevents conflict with the discipline and secures all the ends desired.

One of the most horrible signs of depravity we have been called to record, occurred last week at Charlestown. A man by the name of Connor, at work on a wharf of the Prison, took a boy, about eleven years old, the son of one of the officers, and dropped him off the dock into the water. The boy told him he could not swim, and begged him not to throw him over, but the man paid no attention to his wishes, and having dropped him into the water, looked idly on and saw him drown. A lad who saw the deed, gave the alarm, but it was too late to save him. What will those who prattle, — no, that is a pretty childish word, and should not be dishonored by such connections—those who prate about the innocency of human nature, and deny its depravity, say to such exhibitions of it as this?

NEW ENGLAND THEOLOGICAL SCHOOLS.—The Annual Report of the Boston Theological Seminary, gives this table of the state of Theological Schools in New England:—

Name.	Location and Denomination.	1868-69.	1869-70.	Increase.	Decrease.
Berkeley Div. School,	Middletown, Ct. (Prot. Epis.),	22	28	6	—
Boston Theo. Sem.,	Boston, Mass. (Meth. Epis.),	44	50	15	—
Div. School, (Harv.),	Cambridge, Mass. (Unitarian),	19	30	17	—
Div. School, (Tufts),	Medford, Mass. (Universalist),	—	6	—	—
Epis. Theo. School,	Cambridge, Mass. (Prot. Epis.),	7	10	3	—
Newton Theo. Inst.,	Newton, Mass. (Baptist),	44	47	3	—
Theo. Depart. (Y. C.),	New Haven, Ct. (Cong.),	21	35	14	—
Theo. Inst. of Ct.,	Hartford, Ct. (Cong.),	24	23	4	—
Theological School,	New Hampton, N. H. (F. W. Bap.),	—	18	—	—
Theo. Seminary,	Andover, Mass. (Cong.),	94	83	—	11
Theo. Seminary,	Bangor, Me. (Cong.),	34	35	1	—

The largest increase for the year was in the Harvard Divinity School (due to the transfer of Mr. Hepworth's "School for the Ministry" to Harvard), the next largest in the Boston Theological Seminary, the next in Yale. The only one which fell behind was, the oldest of all, Andover. However, even with a decrease of eleven, Andover still heads the column.

There are four Congregational schools, with 181 students; two Episcopal, with 38 students; one Methodist, with 59 students; one Baptist, with 47, and one Free Will Baptist, with 18 students; one Unitarian, with 36, and one Universalist, with 5 students. There has been an increase, in all, of 52 students this year over 1869.

The Roman Catholic schools are omitted from this list, also the large number of students at our Seminaries, and at Middletown, who are pursuing a course of Theological studies and intend to go thence directly to the ministry. There are not less than a hundred, probably more, of this sort. We hope these statistics may be collected for the next report.

The largest literary item of the day is the twenty cubic feet of manuscript stories that Mr. Henry Hoyt received as a response to his offer of two prizes for Sunday-school books. Three hundred books he got, 98,000 pages, making a pile five feet long, two wide and two high, or twenty solid cubic feet of composition. That reply is the moral to the Sunday-school literature of the day. Hardly one of those high one hundred thousand pages, ought to have been written. It is called a specimen of literary activity. It is a specimen of illiterate, uncultivated activity. The adult brains that bore such burdens, and the children that still have to bear them, are alike loaded down with burdens grievous to be borne. When will both Church and Sunday-school writers alike agree in preparing the best books for their libraries? Sunday-school libraries should be made up like all others, with the silly novels excluded. Buy the best for your children's brains and hearts as you do for their bodies. Set before their souls real nourishing food. We are glad to see our secretary reducing these fictions and multiplying facts. Let the publishers advertise for such productions and turn this waste of labor into healthful channels.

The Sunday-school of the Bromfield Street Church had a very successful quarterly concert, on the afternoon of the 19th inst. The exercises reflected great credit on the participants, and evinced the patient labor of the assistant superintendent, Mr. O. S. Carrier, and the teachers. The Church was handsomely decorated. The school is in a prosperous condition, having had a net gain of 48 within five months.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.—The following are the names and ages of persons present at the celebration of the seventy-eighth anniversary of the birthday of William Gordon, at his residence in New Bedford, June 8, 1870. Mr. Gordon was formerly a resident of Boston, and is highly esteemed by those who know him:—

Names.	Years.	Months.
Gideon Nye, .....	83	7
and wife, .....	79	9
Thos. Wood, .....	80	4
and wife, .....	74	5
Wm. Gordon, .....	78	0
and wife, .....	75	10
Davis Thatcher, .....	76	10
and wife, .....	71	8
The above persons have been married more than fifty years, and all had celebrated their "Golden Wedding."		
Henry Taber, .....	75	3
and wife, .....	67	11
Ruman Nye, widow, .....	73	0
Obed Nye, widower, .....	70	4
Margaret Nye, widow, .....	69	2
Warren Thatcher, .....	65	11
and wife, .....	62	10
The gross amount of above ages is, .....	1095	5

This, divided by 15, (the number of persons above named) gives an average of little more than 73 years to each one.

All the persons named above stand in the relation of brothers and sisters of the same family, either by consanguinity or marriage.

In addition to the above named there were present several children and grandchildren of said William Gordon and wife.

TOO BAD.—The Baltimore Episcopal Methodist thinks Massachusetts pampered, and pitifully describes the gauntlet the "loyal" people have to run to get at a Western President and Vice-President, a New York Secretary of State, a Maryland Post-master General, and other high recluses. Its indignation is chiefly "riled" because she made money out of the war, which its Southern brethren didn't do "much." It closes with this "bust" of wrath and advice:—

"If the West and the Middle States permit themselves to be rode to death by this Old Man of the Sea, it is their own

fault. They have only to dash him off their shoulders upon the rocks, and he will never be able to climb up again."

So Massachusetts has to "take it." She can never have a President, because she is so sectional. The Chief Justice cannot be given her for the same reason. The West takes all the popular honors, all the ballot-box privileges, and now she is to be cut off from any of the inferior posts of duty. She won't worry. As the "darker" said to his sore foot, "ache away, I can stand it as long as you can;" so she says to her fault-finders. It is hard to put her altogether "out in the cold." If you do, the country goes out with her. The South tried to do it. How well it succeeded, let the past proclaim. She will keep on in the good way, taking what humbler places her superiors may assign her, and compelling these official magnates to discern in her the wisdom that alone can build or guide a State.

Gov. Claflin vetoed the Hartford and Erie bill, and did not veto the Free Liquor Bill. That he ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone.

The Commonwealth, in its Budget, thus serves up Methodism in some of its general phases and persons:—

"There is a certain pious dash about the Methodist denomination which commands my highest admiration. It claims, all told, a membership of 3,439,033 persons. The Washington Chronicle is responsible for these figures. The President of the United States is a Methodist. His wife is, in fancy, a better Methodist than he, and her taste is certainly excellent, since she sends her choicest green-house flowers for Methodist celebrations. We have a Methodist Chief-Justice, and the first Anglo-African Senator from the reconstructed South is a Methodist. We have a Methodist Governor in Massachusetts, and Dr. Tourjee, the Methodist head of the New England Conservatory, in Boston, has taken charge of the music of Park Street Church, and, with a select choir of thirty voices, including a quartette for solo effects, produces singing which surpasses anything of the kind ever heard in this country. Dr. Tourjee has also made the dry bones of a North-end mission live, and his darling wish of erecting a home for the fallen seems likely to be gratified."

A good work is being begun in Athens by a Baptist brother and sister of Greek origin, whose membership is in one of their churches in this city. Thus they describe it in the *Watchman and Reflector*:—

"The Lord has opened a door wide and effectual for us in teaching the Scriptures by Bible classes, by religious conversations, free discussions and familiar lectures, which have an average attendance of from eighteen to twenty in Bible classes, and from thirty to forty on the lectures. All the means used by us to present the truth in Christ are attended by young men, students of the colleges and university, intelligent mechanics, and clerks in mercantile pursuits, and by women and children. As the Gospel of salvation is without money and without price to all who will partake, we are glad to say 'Him that will hear let him hear, and all classes and conditions of men are at liberty to attend and avail themselves of the opportunity.' The Sabbath-school prospers. There is among the one hundred and fifty youth and adults who are attentive scholars, an interest in the same Word of God and the same songs of praise that is manifested in America. Sabbath-school concerts and children's lectures are also attended with good and interested audiences."

They ask their Baptist brethren to help them. We hope their cry will be heeded. Athens needs all the Gospel it can get. May this effort be sustained and successful.

The Interior, the new Presbyterian paper of Chicago, has a long notice, in high terms, of "Credo." It says:—

"The anonymous author devotes this neat little volume to 'those inquiries which now agitate the thinking world.' It will keep awake any reader who thinks. It sometimes startles; it always enlightens thought, and leads one into profound depths of reason and revelation. The author has written in earnest, and not only intends to be understood, but wishes to be believed. Hence, we respect him and his book. Many great truths are set forth in bold terms, and with clear-cut definition. Few volumes treat so many vast themes in so brief a compass, and with such winning emphasis."

The Era has this good word, and a wise warning:—

"Writing of the Methodists, suggests to us what a magnificent body of working Christians they are. We would just as soon part with them out of the religious world, as part with the force of gravitation from the physical world. We only wish they understood the doctrine of baptism, as well as they do that of 'one faith and one Lord.' We learn that the Southern Methodists have given up one of the time-honored institutions of the Church, the class-meeting, a clearer case of Samson being shorn by Delilah never was illustrated in modern church tactics. Why, a pioneer might as well give up his axe, and resort to the hoe as a means of clearing his Minnesota farm, as for a Methodist church to relinquish class-meetings."

Class-meetings are the best of Church graces. Happy they who continue in them.

How closely rich and poor are mingled together this incident painfully shows. If one member suffer, all suffers with it. Rev. W. N. Taylor says:

You remember the touching story of the daughter of Sir Robert Peel. Her father gave her, as a birthday present, a gorgeous riding-habit, and went out with her on the same day for an airing in the park, his heart swelling with parental pride as he rode by her side. Shortly afterward she sickened and died of typhus fever of the most malignant type; and when inquiry was made as to how she had caught the infection, it was discovered that the habit, bought from one of the London West End tradesmen, had been made in a miserable attic, where the husband of the seamstress was lying ill of fever, and that it had been used by her to cover him in his shivering fits. Thus, whether we will believe it or not, the safety of the highest is bound up with the condition of the lowest; and if we neglect their material, moral, and spiritual interests, there will come a dreadful Nemesis to mark the Divine displeasure on our conduct, and we may perceive our guilt all too late, when the vast temple of our liberties a shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.



**FIRST FRUITS OF THE LIQUOR BILL.**—*The Transcript* says that light wines ought to be included in the free liquor list. Why not? It is master of the situation and the Republican party. Let it complete its work in unrighteousness.

*The Universalist* stumbled over a word of ours in speaking of the lack of Christian faith in the managers of one paper, and applied it to those of another. It proceeds then to compliment Messrs. Bellows, Stebbins, Putnam and Mayo, as of the Christian faith, and thinks "if any have uttered braver words in the name of the whole blessed and Divine Gospel of Jesus Christ, we know not who they are." This concession we accept. *The Universalist* will not be likely to know who the defenders of the Christian faith are, if it declares that the Being who is described in the first chapter of Hebrews, as the "brightness" of God's "glory, the express image of His person, by whom also He made the worlds, upholding all things by the word of His power"—that this Being is not God, and adds sapiently,—

"If this sort of interpretation and logic were allowed, we might hold that Paul and his 'dearly beloved son,' Timothy, and his 'own son,' Titus, were one person 'but three manifestations.'"

Such teachings show it is not sufficiently acquainted with the Christian faith to know who are and who are not its possessors. It must go to the school of Christ before it can understand or teach Christ. When Paul declares his son Timothy is the express image of his person, by whom all that he does is done, he may be allowed to feebly typify the sublime mystery of God in Christ and Christ in God, to whom every attribute of the Godhead is ascribed. All such attempts to interpret that apostle's frequent and inspired declarations of the oneness of Christ with God, show that our neighbor hath need to learn the rudiments of faith. Before it sets up for a teacher it should devoutly study the alphabet of salvation.

We publish, this week an exceedingly interesting article on insects, from the accomplished pen of Dr. Wise, who has a wonderful way of making a dry subject charmingly entertaining.

The Boston Branch of the Evangelical Alliance held a meeting, last Monday at the Meisemon. Amendments to the Constitution were adopted, changing the name of the association to the "New England Branch," and opening membership to all persons upon assenting to its basis and objects, and paying one dollar. The following officers were elected: President—H. F. Durant, esq.; Vice-Presidents—Bishop Eastburn, Governor Claflin, Rev. Dr. Lamson, Rev. G. T. Day of Dover, N. H., E. M. Watson, Rev. Dr. Schwartz, Rev. Dr. Blagden; Corresponding Secretary—Rev. George Prentice; Recording Secretary—Rev. John DeWitt; Treasurer—Daniel Lathrop, esq.; Board of Managers—the foregoing, together with Rev. J. D. Fulton, Rev. E. S. Atwood of Salem, Reuben Crooke, esq., Rev. Gilbert Haven, Russell Sturgis, esq., and Charles G. Nazro.

#### NOTES.

A writer in *The Universalist* commences his piece with this title: "Can there be any evil result under the Government of God?" Let him leave out the word "result" and then answer his question. If there can be no evil result, so there must be no evil now.

Compromises may be the hinges of prudence, or the turntables of evil.

Whittier, lately describing the usages of his drab-coated brethren in regard to those who speak too often in meeting and not always to edification, told of a certain meeting in New England which passed and recorded the following resolution: "It is the sense of this meeting that George C—be advised to remain silent until such time as the Lord shall speak through him—more to our satisfaction."

In respect to such a call of the Spirit, all conductors of social meetings would be Quakers.

Those who discard the Bible because of the modern developments of science, may take encouragement in the fact, that the "milky-way" was caused by the "cow jumping over the moon."

*The Jewish Messenger* gives the following incident:—

"A little Jewess of our acquaintance, attending a public school, was asked by her father, whether, when the school opens with the 'Lord's Prayer,' she joins the others. 'Pa,' said the child, 'I put my hands before my eyes, the same as the other girls do; but when they say their prayers I say, 'Hosanna in excelsis.'—Although this is the prayer said by Jews previous to taking their meals, our young Jewess thought it was just as efficacious as the prayer of the other scholars."

What harm, will *The Messenger* tell us, can there be in a little Jewess repeating the Lord's Prayer? It makes no reference to Christ. Is it afraid to even allow that license for fear of what will follow?

The Cardiff Giant is one of the fossil remains of "the pre-existent state."

Not a bad answer was that of a precocious boy in a public school out West, who was recently asked by his teacher where Africa was located. He promptly answered, "All over the United States."

There has been deep diving in the waters of the Holy See, after the pearl of infallibility.

An assistant marshal, in taking the census in Louisville, asked a colored woman what personal property she possessed, and received the sober reply, "Nothing but dese three chillen yere, an' they aint wuth much."

A correspondent asks, Would you, through the medium of your valuable journal, give me and others a hint, as to how I can best strengthen and cultivate a defective memory, and oblige yours, A STRANGER.

Lend a man money. That will quicken your memory, exactly according to the amount loaned, and the party to whom loaned, the more the money and the poorer the pay, the stronger the memory. This formula fits every case. Get your whole soul into a matter and you will remember it.

#### PERSONAL.

On Thursday evening last, some forty members of the Church Street M. E. Church of this city, with whom Freeman M. Dyer, esq. had been connected for a long time in church fellowship, made him an unlooked for visit at his residence in Boston Highlands, and Bailey T. Mills, esq. in behalf of those present, in a neat speech presented him with a beautiful silver pitcher, to which a fitting response was made by the recipient; after which the company partook of a bountiful collation, and joined in singing those melodies so delightful to the people of our Church.

Bro. Dyer has been connected with the Methodist Church for nearly half a century, and is at the present time among the most earnest workers in the Winthrop Street Church, admirably illustrating the ability of the Christian veteran to keep young, vigilant, and active in religious life and experience.

The most beautiful of the White Mountain residences is at Conway. It is the favorite of artists, as giving the best views of mount and meadow. A few years since, under the labors of Rev. I. S. Cushman, a revival broke out there and many were added to the Lord. A flourishing church is the result. Rev. S. F. Strout, the pastor, is one of the most agreeable of men. Several of our brethren have good homes and will give pleasant houses at low figures to all that want them. If you wish to spend a week, or a month or more, in the finest scenery, east or west of the Alleghenies, drop Bro. Strout a line, and he will tell you all about accommodations and prices; and if you go, will be sure to make it a real home and a good time. Ministers seeking a breathing spell, and the mountain glories, would do well to write him.

*The Guardian*, organ of the Wesleyan Canada Conference, thus gives the impression made by Doctors Lindsay and Lowry:—

The addresses of both gentlemen were racy, suggestive, instructive, and inspiring; full of noble, Christian thought, and instinct with the fire of a living Christianity. They were listened to with deep attention, and elicited from the audience frequent expressions of warm admiration.

Professor Harrington of the *Wesleyan*, has a caustic article in *The College Courier*, on college lawlessness. He shows how antiquated and absurd are many of the liberties undergraduates seek to indulge in. These feelings and practices are medieval and refer to times when a college was a separate affair from the world. The bars are breaking down and ought to. Still college life may be something of a life by itself, a joyous world within the world; only let it be manly and womanly. Take away its morbid exclusion of women, and the rest of the needed reform will follow.

Just as the Sabbath sun was setting on Sunday, June 19, Father Samuel Wheeler was called suddenly in Prescott, Me., to join the heavenly escort to pass on to the Sabbath that has no end, aged 80 years. He was a good man and well beloved, and for nearly forty years he had been a faithful member of the M. E. Church. His house was the itinerant's home, and many will remember his genial smiles, his hearty welcome, and his generous support. May his mantle fall on his only son, and God's richest grace on his lonely widow.

The South Yarmouth M. E. church and congregation have granted their pastor, Rev. W. F. Farrington, a vacation to visit a sick and dying son at California. The prayers of the Church are solicited for his son and his own safe return to the Eastern States.

#### The Methodist Church.

Will our ministerial and other brethren, please send us any items of religious interest in their churches. They will be gratefully acknowledged. Each can help us keep these columns full of fresh local knowledge. You alone can inform us respecting the points of Christian interest in your own church and neighborhood. Please send them as soon as they occur. We do not confine this request to any one section, but shall be happy to receive information from any part of the country, and from any section of the Church.

#### THE NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING.

Persons familiar with Hamilton in former years, cannot fail to notice the great improvements made by the Asbury Grove managers. The first thing that strikes such visitors is the new railway from the former landing-place to a new station in the very edge of the grove. Thence a newly made, clean and direct road conducts you to the ground. How clean and sweet the spot! The labors of the committee, aided by the rain on Monday, had rendered everything fair and fragrant. Besides the usual number of society tents, there is an unusually large number of smaller and family tents awaiting occupants. The gentlemanly committee are attentive to the manifold demands of all comers. Then there is the new stand, a great improvement on the old one. The latter does duty as the head-quarters of the committee. The new seats, so easy, clean and comfortable; and the neater mode of lighting the

scene, all show the value of a committee of active and tasteful men. The meeting, in its religious department, is under the direction of the national organization for the promotion of holiness. Of this committee, Rev. J. S. Inskip is chairman. He is present with many others who are active in this special movement. Such are Revs. W. McDonald, B. M. Adams, C. Manger, John Allen, Pomeroy, Grey and others.

On Tuesday p. m. the regular exercises of the meeting began. Rev. Mr. Inskip rose to conduct the first service. He spoke of holiness, its nature, importance and value to the Church, in an earnest and emphatic way. The singing and praying were devotional. Three or four hundred were present. The impression made by this service was excellent. The evening of the same day was devoted to a social meeting in a large tent. It overflowed, and a deeply religious feeling seemed to pervade every breast. A few professed the blessing, and many the want of it.

Wednesday morning opened with a prayer-meeting led by Mr. Inskip. It was spirited and zealous. At ten, Rev. B. M. Adams preached an excellent sermon, founded on Gen. xvii. 1: it was clear, warm, and tender. The audience was somewhat larger than before, and was chiefly composed of Christian people.

In the afternoon, Rev. Mr. King, of Maine, preached a neat sermon which was followed by an exhortation from Rev. L. R. Dunn of New Jersey. The praying and singing were earnest and sweet. In the evening, Rev. Mr. James, of Bridgewater, delivered a short discourse, which was heard with evident satisfaction. On Thursday morning, Rev. Mr. Grey, of Philadelphia, gave a long and impressive discourse on the constant theme of the meeting. It was too late, when he had done, to admit of a prayer-meeting at the stand. But the impression made by this service was the best yet made.

Rev. Charles Munger, of Maine, preached in the p. m. on the words, "To-day, if ye will." He is a clear and easy speaker and his sermon had a fine effect on the people. The attendance has steadily grown from the first service until perhaps fifteen hundred persons were in attendance this afternoon.

Three things impressed themselves on the mind of the reporter up to this point. First, that the results of the meeting must be a deepening and quickening of spiritual life. Second, that the preaching has not at all adequately grappled with the logical difficulties of the one subject discussed. Third, that eight sermons on one theme, repeating the same definitions, exploding the same objections and opposing the same lethargy, becomes monotonous at last.

*The Era* thus portrays features in Methodism. It mistakes about the India delegate. Rev. Mr. Gracy was not a delegate but visitor. That relation was not effected until the last General Conference. He may hold that position in the next Conference.

Our admiration of the energetic administration of the Methodist Church is newly excited by examining the Fifty-First Annual Missionary Report of that body. Our readers may not all know that the foreign as well as the home department of Methodist Missionary work, is carried on by the Church, without a separate organization. We met the other day a gentleman from Lucknow, India, who was the delegate from the India Conference to the General Conference. The same organization, authority and rules that constitute and regulate the New England or the Maine Conference, extend over the India Conference. In other words, the Methodist Church makes no further change in its "polity" in instituting a Conference in China or Australia, than in establishing one in New York or Tennessee. An organization so comprehensive, flexible and manageable, deserves the careful study of those who hope to have a hand in administering the "Church of the Future."

The Methodist Church has 332 Missions laboring in the "Domestic" or Home department; and 259 in the Foreign work. The former division includes the German, Welsh, Chinese, Indian and Scandinavian. The latter extends to China, India, and "the islands of the sea." The amount appropriated for missions the last year was \$800,000.

#### CURRENT NOTES.

The Boston Highlands M. E. Church, held a very successful strawberry festival in Bacon's Hall, on the evening of the 22d.

The General Conference of the M. E. Church in Canada will open August 31. The question of union with other Methodist bodies will be discussed.

A large number of the Union Street Methodist Episcopal Church of Springfield, visited Boston last week, and went on an excursion down the harbor.

The first Methodist Episcopal Church in Salt Lake City was opened on the 22d of May last, by Rev. G. M. Pierce. The prospects of this infant church are most encouraging.

The Wesleyans of England have increased their membership by 4,000 in each of the last ten years. The gain in London last year was 1,007—considerably more than in previous years. The total membership is about 350,000.

Emory M. E. Church, Bergen Heights, N. J., are about to erect a new church and parsonage at the cost of \$30,000. On a recent Sabbath the sum of \$30,000 was pledged and subscribed for the object.

The laws of Indiana, backed up by a decision of the Supreme Court, place all who participate in the species of gambling usually carried on at church and charity fairs, on the same footing as lottery gamblers. They are all liable to heavy penalties—fines and imprisonment.

At the recent Canada Wesleyan Methodist Conference the following Sunday-school statistics were presented:—Number of schools, 800; teachers, 7,549; number in Bible classes, 8,409; scholars, 56,606; scholars meeting in class, 5,090; volumes in libraries, 118,668; amount of money raised, \$16,739.46.



## NOTES FROM OLD ENGLAND.

(Correspondence.)

Every town in England has some rich, historic record, and one finds it pleasant residing in the centre of this country, to visit its various localities of interest; and while we Americans are looking to the future of our country, here our gaze is turned backward through the centuries.

Lichfield is one of the most interesting, on account of its various associations. The name signifies "The field of the dead bodies," from the fact that two brother princes were martyred for their Christian faith, under Diocletian, upon the spot where now stands one of England's most beautiful cathedrals. And this is the birthplace of the world-renowned philosopher, Dr. Samuel Johnson. One knows scarcely which most to admire, the scholar, or the grand old Cathedral, both grand in their way; but as mind transcends the material, so we would give the palm to the scholar. In Saint Mary's Square stands a substantial three-story brick house, where Dr. Johnson was born and spent his earlier years. Life was not all joy to him, although he learned to look upon its fluctuations very calmly, and was very loth to leave it; as those who have read Boswell's Life of Johnson remember that all through his life he was haunted by a fear of death.

But when the messenger finally came to him, in a ripe old age, the honors of the world gathered thick about him, he breathed his life away as gently as an infant sleeping. A man of rough exterior, somewhat pompous in his style, a lion among his compeers, he nevertheless possessed the finest feelings. In proof of this we may refer to what he relates of himself. "I cannot," he says, "in general, accuse myself of being an undutiful son. Once, indeed, I was disobedient. I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of my refusal, and the remembrance was painful. A few years ago, I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter market in very bad weather and stood for a considerable time, bare-headed in the rain, on the spot where my father's book-stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I trust the penance was expiatory."

This circumstance is commemorated in marble. In Saint Mary's Square, directly facing his early home, is a statue of the philosopher. He sits in a large arm chair, — under and around which are immense volumes, — leaning upon one hand, apparently in deep thought. On three sides of the pedestal are representations in bas relief. The first, as the little boy, upon the shoulders of his father, listening attentively to the preaching of a celebrated clergyman of that period.

His eye-sight was very imperfect when a child; and on the second side is the boy, a little farther advanced, upon the shoulders of his playmates, with the inscription, "Thus he was borne from school."

The third and most impressive, represents the old man standing bare-headed in the market-place, in contrition for the act which had always given him pain. In speaking of death, he once said, "I know not whether I should wish to have a friend with me, or have it all between God and myself." David Garrick, the great tragedian, was a native of Lichfield, and a pupil of Dr. Johnson. In the Cathedral is a monument to Garrick, with this epitaph from the pen of Dr. Johnson. "His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasures." Lichfield Cathedral, although not as large as many of these massive structures, has been justly styled one of the most beautiful, by admirers of splendid architecture. It has three spires, the central one towering above the others. This spire was battered down in Cromwell's day when the Cathedral was in a state of siege, and was afterward rebuilt after a most beautiful model by Sir Christopher Wren, designed originally for Westminster Abbey.

These three tall spires seem to be playing "hide and seek" with you, as you change your position, and present an ever varying view, from the surrounding country. As I first stepped beneath its majestic roof, and my eye caught a glimpse of the long and lofty nave, side-aisles and chapels, "dim nooks of holiness," I thought all the visions I had ever formed of Cathedral beauty and splendor, were realized. The cantless roof, the groined arches, the clustered pillars, the magnificent windows — could a lover of architectural beauty, wish for more? And yet one might spend weeks there, and not observe all its congregated beauties. The pulpit is made wholly of shining metals, twisted and inwrought, vine and leaf, tendril and flower, set with colored stones, and enamels. It is said to have no equal in England. The altar-piece, back of the communion table, is of the purest alabaster, delicately inwrought with precious stones. The mosaic pavements are equally artistic, and beautiful for their purpose, and the wood-work carved most elaborately. The marble decorations, monuments, statues, etc., are varied and beautiful. None of them excoed Chantry's "Sleeping Children." They represent two daughters of one of the clergymen of the diocese, sleeping upon a pallet of marble. They have angel faces, and their couch looks soft and pliable. Doubtless many a mother has paused, and brushed away a tear, as she has gazed upon these lovely forms. There is a statue of Bishop Ryder, also by Chantry, of whom one has said, "He stands like a living man, with lips just still, after a sermon on 'God is Love.'" An almost seraphic glow seems to suffuse his countenance. Lady Mary H. Montague's monument is here, who first tried upon her own household, and afterward introduced, the art of inoculating the small-pox from Turkey.

Dr. Johnson has a monument here, although he is buried in London. There are nine magnificent windows in the chancel, representing chiefly scriptural scenes, and they have

that mellow, soft outline of brilliant tint, found only in the ancient glass-staining.

The exterior of the Cathedral is a rare study. The western front has twenty-five regal statues above the portals. Tradition says that these were designed to represent the monarchs of Israel. One of the kings has a harp, and was supposed to personate David. It has since been concluded that they only represent British kings, and that instead of David, King Alfred is intended, who was a renowned poet and musician.

These have been much worn and defaced by time, through the centuries they have stood there, but they still occupy their recessed tabernacles, and bear their kingly crowns. It is wonderful that they are so well preserved. They were above the reach of the bayonets of Cromwell's army, or they would have been hurled to the earth. They mutilated all that they could reach, and I fear the piety of some of them extended no farther than these depredations. The Bishop's palace, and houses for the deans and prebendaries, are near the Cathedral, and have an air of quiet elegance and home comfort. Not very far is the "Minster Pool," a beautiful lake, in the deep recesses of which once lay the stone of which the Cathedral is built, and where are now reflected its spires and turrets. Kidderminster is an ancient town, noted for having been the scene of the pastoral labors of "Richard Baxter," of "Everlasting Saint's" memory. Saint Mary's Church, very much like a Cathedral, will seat two thousand people, and used to be thronged with eager crowds to listen to this quaint divine. When he first commenced his labors there, the town was noted for its profanity and wickedness, but after sixteen years of faithful toil, it is stated that there was scarcely a house upon any of its streets, where the voice of prayer and the song of praise could not be heard. He visited every family, taking fourteen a week, talking with them closely, personally, and praying with them. As a result of this, he administered the sacrament to sixteen hundred communicants in one day, with his own hand. In 1644, he was a Chaplain in Cromwell's army, and when laid aside by severe illness, he wrote, for his funeral sermon, what grew upon his hands into the renowned volume of "Baxter's Saints' Rest." He was afterward recalled to his church at Kidderminster, to whom he said, "When I was separated from you by the miseries of the late unhappy war, I durst not fix on any other congregation, but lived in a military, unpleasing state, least I should forestall my return to you, for whom I took myself reserved. The offers of greater worldly accommodation, with five times the means which I receive with you, was no temptation to me, once to question, whether I should leave you. Your free invitation for my return, your obedience to my doctrine, the strong affection which I have yet to ward you above all people, and the general heart returns of love which I find from you, do all persuade me that I was sent into the world especially for the service of your souls." Being a non-conformist, King Charles would not suffer him to retain the high position he had won, as minister to the people whom he had so much benefited; when he begged the privilege of remaining as only a curate, and doing the menial service of the Church, among the people whom he loved. But this was denied him. He was commanded to leave the town; when multitudes followed him, weeping.

C. E. GOULD.

## The Christian World.

## MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — Num. xiv. 21.

CHRISTIANITY IN EGYPT. — The Gospel is doing a great work in Egypt. Its progress has been slow but sure. The last number of the *Princeton Review* gives a most interesting sketch of the labors of the English and American Missionaries there. The following passages will be read with interest and profit: —

"Protestant effort in Alexandria emanates from three special centres. There is the Episcopal Church for the English residents of that communion, the Scottish Presbyterian Church for dissenters, and the American Mission Establishment for all and sundry, but especially the Arabic-speaking population. There is also an agency of a Swiss mission, and two or three schools for natives, presided over and conducted by Protestants.

"The work of the Scottish Presbyterian Church began in 1805 as a branch of the Church of Scotland's Mission to the Jews, but the missionary having been appointed consular chaplain, his chief energies have since been given to the disseminating population, and very largely to that portion connected with the shipping. From the migratory character of the people, fruits of such labor are very little seen, but there has been, in many respects, considerable encouragement. The town congregation for the most part consists of English Independents, and a few Scottish Presbyterians, although their numbers are not what they ought to be. The blight of the city appears to fall on all who enter it, and even the Scotch, with all their home training, seem to care less than many others for religious ordinances.

"Of Protestant establishment, there was formerly in Cairo the headquarters of a mission established by the Church Missionary Society of England, but it ceased to exist several years ago, and the only institution now directly supported by English money, is an educational seminary presided over by a lady — Miss Wateley, daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin. Here a boys' and girls' school, for Moslems and Christians indiscriminately, is carried on with great energy; nearly one hundred and fifty of the former and over fifty of the latter being in daily attendance, while, by the distribution of books and other humble labors of one or two lay agents, a considerable amount of religious and moral light is disseminated.

"But the institution in Egypt which is doing the work of the Gospel on the largest and most thorough-going scale is the American Mission, as it is called. Commenced some twelve years ago by the settlement in Cairo of a single missionary, who confined his instructions to those whom he could gather into his own house, it was gradually extended, till now it has to a greater or less extent overpassed the whole land. In all the chief towns, such as Alexandria, Cairo, Mansoura, Oisout, missionaries have been stationed, schools have been organized, the Gospel preached, and the Scriptures circulated. And not to these towns alone have their labors been confined, but taking

them as their basis of operations, the missionaries have extended their work to the whole district of country lying around, while periodically journeys have been undertaken to those outlying parts of the country otherwise inaccessible, for the sake of preaching and circulating the Word. The progress of the mission has been gradual, but to all appearance it has been sound and sure."

THE ENGLISH WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY. — The Anniversary of this Society was recently held in Exeter Hall, London, and was a season of great interest. The addresses of the speakers were able, eloquent, and presented a most cheering view of the various missions of the Society. We extract the following from the Annual Report: —

"Our Missions in Ceylon and Continental India, generally remind us that 'the kingdom of God cometh not with observation;' (Luke xvii. 20;) but the past year has witnessed a remarkable revival of religion in Ceylon, for which we thank God and take courage. It baffles the generalization of our shallow philosophy to hear of the unimpressive Singalese powerfully excited to flee from the wrath to come.

"China has been the subject of a separate report, and has had its own meeting. Our members in the Asiatic Missions are 2,408.

"We therefore pass on to notice our extensive Missions in South Africa, which have been so highly honored of God among the British colonists, the Namaqua, the Kaffir, the Zulu, and Bechuana populations. The last few years have been distinguished by a continued revival of religion in some of the districts. The present is the jubilee year of the Albany settlement in the Eastern Province of South Africa. The venerable founder of the Missions in that part of Africa, the Rev. William Shaw, has been spared to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his landing in that region, and is now present with us. Our members in South Africa are 12,071.

"The Missions in Western Africa have been tried by sickness and by war. Our mission at Abbeokuta has, however, been resumed by a native minister, with a fair prospect of success. Our members in West Africa are 7,676.

THE WONDERFUL WORK OF GOD IN INDIA. — The influence of the Bible in India is very remarkable. The truth is spreading in every direction, and multitudes are embracing it. At a recent English Bible meeting, Colonel Field, C. B., presented some very interesting facts, showing how Christianity is extending its saving influence among the people. The native converts are exceedingly zealous, and their labors are attended with great success. He said: —

"I know one who was working on the Deccan, all alone. He came with two other converts from Parsedom to my house, in 1847, and I and my wife entertained them in the evening. Of the three, one is a native pastor, and has gathered a small native church, working alone, depending on the subscriptions they can raise among themselves, and God has greatly blessed him. Another of these Parsee gentlemen is also laboring in the mission field zealously and efficiently. Another is now in London, and preaches the gospel in English on every opportunity he can obtain, and is professor of Oriental languages in King's College. I could go on detailing cases, if my memory would only serve me, to a great extent. But there are others who will speak after me and more profitably than I am able to do. I will only further allude to one Christian church, which contains about 700 communicants, and where God's blessing has been largely poured out. In that church they lately recognised the duty of each member to give one-tenth of his income to the cause of the mission. That is a practical proof of the duty which God has vouchsafed to them."

SWEDEN: — The great work in Sweden, to which we have many times referred, is still in progress, and is increasing in interest and power. Bro. Whitting, one of our missionaries there, writes to the Mission Rooms at New York: —

"My dear brother, I never thought that I should be permitted to witness such a scene in this country as I have since I came to this city; people of the highest rank in society bowing at the same altar with the poor and despised. Glory be to God for His great mercy!"

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD. — This most excellent monthly, published by the "American and Foreign Christian Union," should be read by our ministers and people. It is conducted with much ability, and gives a great amount of valuable information respecting the progress of Christianity in different countries. It gives in detail the state of the wonderful work of God in Mexico. It only costs \$1 per year.

WHERE ARE THE LABORERS? — From nearly every foreign mission field, there are calls for laborers; — at nearly every point, they say, Come and help us. Nearly all the American Missionary Societies are calling for men and women to go to the heathen, but how few respond to the call? Where are our young men in our colleges and Theological schools? Have they lost the missionary spirit? We repeat it — Where are the laborers?

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

## CONGREGATIONALIST.

The North Church in Lynn, at the end of the first year under the free-seat system, found a surplus of \$200 in hand. This Society has bought a noble lot, and is to build immediately. The rapid growth of Lynn has caused a general movement of all denominations for an enlargement of church accommodations. Open air services, preaching and prayer-meetings, alternating, are to be held through the summer.

## EPISCOPAL.

The Episcopal church, Frankfort, Pa., has a Sunday-school of nearly 1,500, teachers, sewing and night schools, mothers' meetings, etc.

The New Jersey Episcopal Convention is the first religious body in the country to introduce the reform of minority representation. Each voter can vote on his ballot for as many persons as are to be elected, or he may give the same number of votes for any one of the candidates. A dissatisfied minority was the occasion of the change.

The English Bishop of Colombo, Ceylon, writes that Bishop Colenso's writings are being used vigorously against the religious work of the missionaries by the Buddhists there. They have printed tracts made up of the Bishop of Natal's objections to the Pentateuch, and use them in attack of the Bishop of Colombo. They have excited some considerable feeling of alarm among the Christian converts.



## PRESBYTERIAN.

The United Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions received last year \$51,887, being considerably more than the year previous. During the year the Chinese mission has been given up. They have a missionary at Damascus, 41 communicants, and 271 scholars. In India there are 2 churches, with 60 members and 741 scholars. Their chief mission, of which we have often spoken, is that in Egypt, which is left entirely in the hands of this society since the withdrawal of the German Pilgrim Mission. The most promising station is at Oslout, the largest city in Upper Egypt, where there are 66 members, of whom 19 were received the past year. The 180 members in Egypt are ready to support their own worship. The contributions in Cairo have been \$8.50 per member, and the church in Oslout has contributed \$80 to help a neighboring congregation build a church, has supported a colporteur in the town of Oslout and an evangelist in another village, and paid the expenses of 6 poor students in the theological seminary during the session.

## Our Social Meeting.

Rev. E. Davies has some word of local and of general importance.

It is some time since I spoke in the social meeting. I wish to say that the providence of God has graciously placed me in the eastern part of Maine, in a dense population of men and women, and especially of children. Large families are the rule; opposite me is a family of ten children; on either side a family of seven; in sight is a family of fifteen, where the mother is young and fair, and only 41 years of age. The census taker in this region had his hands full. The Catholics will never rule this country if all Protestant communities will do as well as this. Why do so many married people write themselves childless, and suffer their names to perish from the earth? It is both unnatural and sinful. There is nothing that this country needs more than faithful men and women, true to the first principles of the nation. Men who will contend earnestly for the truth, against every form of evil that is setting in to curse our land, from every part of the world. The foreign masses may yet prove our ruin, unless we raise up a barrier in native children who will stand by the best form of piety, the Protestant, and the best form of Government, the Republican; and who shall fully understand that these two grand principles must stand or fall together.

I found a good parsonage at East Machias, well cleaned, papered, and well furnished in part with stoves, bedsteads, carpets, chairs, etc., and that the stewards had collected \$35, and had brought a barrel of flour, etc., and the young people would have had our supper all ready if they had known when we were coming. As there was no minister on this charge last year, I found some that had been converted ready to join the class, and some who had long been waiting to go forward in the ordinance of baptism. I have a blessed opportunity to do good, and am entering into the whitened fields of a glorious harvest. One at least, has found peace, others are seeking; wanderers are coming home, and I am perfectly blessed in the midst of it all. I am living, thank God, in—

"A land of corn and wine and oil,  
Favored with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blessed."

The parsonage stable that blew over in the gale last fall is rebuilt, and we are ready to open a Methodist tavern immediately. Call and see us. My whole family is well satisfied, and I expect to spend the happiest and most useful year of my life. Bless God for the Methodist itinerancy which moves us round the State, and every time nearer to—

"The land of rest, the saint's delight,  
The heaven prepared for me."

"Windsor" submits two brief and useful notes.

THE NEVER CHASING STREAM.

It is a solemn thought, that there is one unceasing, never ending flow of spirits, from earth to eternity. Every tick of the clock notes the fact and time of some poor soul, gone to its eternal home. Summer and winter, night and day, the onward rush to eternity goes on. Nothing impedes this march of souls to the great eternal future. O how solemn to think of those who are unprepared for the dread realities of the eternal world. "Time and tide" wait for no man, as is true with reference to this solemn fact, as it is concerning temporal affairs. May the God of eternal mercies sprinkle this precious flow of spirits eternity-ward with the precious blood of our Redeemer, and thus make them meet for His eternal abode of holiness.

PRAYER.

If hundreds of answers to prayer, in a short Christian life of about twelve years, is experimental evidence of the truth of the assertion of Holy writ, "Ask and ye shall receive," "Seek and ye shall find," "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," surely I should never doubt the goodness and mercy of God to always give us what is best, if we but ask Him aright, with faith in Jesus' name.

A brother has some caustic but profitable words on—

PICKINGS AND STEALINGS.

"Whatsoever things are honest." "He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."

Is it "honest," "just," and of "good report," for a M. C. (supposing him to have been an exemplary Christian minister for twenty years) to receive (even though sanctioned by law and custom) twenty cents as mileage when it does not actually cost him one quarter that sum?

Is it honest in a salaried clerk to use the paper and envelopes of his employer in his private business, "saying nothing to nobody?" On the same ground can an editor use from one quarter to one half the paper allowed him for his editorials, in private correspondence, on matters having no connection with the paper he edits?

The prevalence among political circles of lax notions, as to what is honest, true, just, etc., has ceased to excite wonder. "Pickings and Stealings," are a matter of course affair and "it's of no use to say anything about it." Politicians are hopelessly corrupt. In this respect there is little to choose between parties. Are not Christians and Christian ministers in danger of drifting in the same direction? Many are looking to positions in the Legislature, in Congress, Consulates, etc., to secure which, they must cater to vulgar prejudices and tastes, — or fail!

It is sometimes said of a certain class of men, professors of religion though they be, "they have no conscience." This

may appear uncharitable, but when we see some who once stood high in the confidence of the Christian public lending their influence in aid of the liquor traffic, earnestly advocating license, and opposing prohibition, we are strongly tempted to ask, have they consciences? Can they be honest?

## The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for Zion's Herald, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address the Editor, care of Zion's Herald.

**Hoeing Potatoes.**—This may seem to some to be a matter of small importance, certainly as to the time when the work should be performed. We believe it is always better to hoe twice, and in some cases three times, and always before the plants have laid down, or have bloomed. We had a good chance last year to test this matter of hoeing when the potatoes were in bloom, and are decidedly of the opinion that it is far better not to hoe at all, than to do it so late. We take a double mould-board plough and run between our rows, turning the earth each way, and then so hoe as to leave the top of the ridge a little "dishing," or certainly level, so that the showers will not be wholly turned off. The weeds should certainly be kept down, and if they come up after the second hoeing they should be cut off or pulled before they go to seed, and after the potato has attained its growth, or nearly so.

**Flat Turnips.**—This crop can follow peas, or can be sown sometimes to advantage after early potatoes have been dug. If the field corn is not too close together, sow turnip seed at the last hoeing, and a fair crop will be obtained. We do not esteem this crop so highly as we do the other root crops, still they help out, and give the cows a little variety during the winter.

**DESTRUCTION OF SHEEP BY DOGS.**—A partial enumeration of the sheep killed the past year by dogs, as returned from four hundred and seventeen counties, aggregating 99,887, points to a loss of half a million sheep killed, and as many more wounded by dogs, involving an actual loss of two million dollars, and a constructive and none the less real loss to production of many millions more. Millions of dollars' worth of rich grasses and other vegetation annually go to waste in the open and grassy forests, and in the old fields and waste places of the South, because there are no sheep to feed upon them; and the reason why sheep are not thus utilizing this spontaneous production, is the presence of dogs. — [From March and April Report of the Department of Agriculture.]

It is strange that farmers and others will keep dogs that they are almost sure will kill sheep. Dogs are the greatest pest sheep raisers have to contend with, and there should be a stringent law in every State against keeping dogs, or if kept, they should be under such regulations that they will not be likely to damage the sheep. It is a difficult matter to reach, we know, and yet we believe there are many who would raise sheep could they feel at all certain that they would not be destroyed by dogs.

**GRASS THAT IS LAID** should be cut early, even if it has not attained its growth, for after it is badly down it will soon rot and spoil. Land that is rich enough to grow grass so stout, will usually produce another crop, so that even if the first one is out rather early the land will yield more than if only one crop was secured. Such hay is good for cows giving milk.

**HAYING TOOLS** should be kept in the very best order. Now that the mowing-machine and other improved machines and implement have been introduced, some of them costing a large price, it is a matter of great importance to keep them good as long as possible, and it should also be the aim of every one who is to use them, to keep them in good working order, so that the largest amount of work may be performed with them. See that no machine or part of one suffers for want of oil,—that they are all housed at night, and during stormy weather. Some persons will make a machine or tool last two or three times as long as another because they give them better care.

**FEEDING CALVES.**—A SUBSTITUTE FOR MILK.—A correspondent from Nettle Lake, Ohio, writes us that he has used a tea made of clover hay and mixed with milk as a feed for young calves, and finds it quite as good, and even better than new milk alone. He says:—"The calf should run with the cow until it is about a week old, when the clover tea and milk may be given in proportion of one-third tea to two-thirds milk. Skimmed milk may be gradually substituted for new milk in the mixture, and after that sour milk, butter-milk, or even whey may be used with the tea. The tea should be increased in strength and quantity as the quality and quantity of milk is decreased, so that at the end of three months the proportion of the mixture would be three-fourths tea and one-fourth milk."

He says:—"A calf may be fattened on this mixture, and the veal will be sweeter and more palatable than when fattened on milk alone."—*Rural New Yorker.*

**COLLAR BOILS ON HORSES.**—A "Veterinarian" writes to the *Chicago Tribune* as follows, in answer to a question as to the cause of swellings and collar boils on horses:—"The swellings and collar boils you complain of are not caused by feeding salt and ashes, though the latter seems to me to be useless. These swellings occur most frequently in spring time, and especially then, when the horse either is rapidly improving or falling off in flesh, thus rendering the collar either too narrow or too wide. Have the collar always well fitted to the horse's neck, keep your harness clean and smooth, and take care that the traces or tugs are always of exactly the same length, and you will have no cause to complain. As long as the skin on those swellings is not sore, you may use cold fomentations. As soon, however, as the same gets sore, and the epidermis taken off, you will soon effect a cure by applying, three times a day, or when the horse has to work, each

time the harness is put on or taken off, on the sore places, a mixture of pure olive oil and lime-water, equal parts."

## The Righteous Dead.

Died, in Portland, June 6, Mrs. SARAH K. MARSHALL nee Den-nett, aged 24 years.

Mrs. Marshall was converted to God in September, 1868, and united with the M. E. Church, in Kittery, in April following, of which Church she was a faithful member at the time of her decease. Thus, in the midst of her usefulness, and in the fullness of her youthful strength, has passed away one whose Christian devotedness, purity, and affection will not soon be forgotten. Her espousal of Christ was earnest and sincere, and her religion became, from the first, the indwelling principle that guided and controlled her. She sought the Saviour from a sense of duty, and she wore him as her chiefest ornament. Of an ardent, cheerful temperament, she easily won and held an enviable position in the affection of her friends. None knew her but to love her. Her religious life increased the grace and loveliness of her ingenuous and amiable character, and made her influence over her associates more potent.

But she is gone. The exemplary Christian, the warm-hearted and genial friend, the dutiful child, the affectionate sister, the devoted wife, is gone. But she died well. A short time before her departure, she said to her weeping mother: "Mother, you would not hold me back? Jesus has come for me; He is reaching out His arms toward me. And there is a bright company, and Lizzie (the name of a beloved sister recently deceased) is with them, and they are waiting to carry me home. Don't you think the translation will be quick, mother, like the sending a telegraphic dispatch? I am so fortunate to go so soon, mother, so fortunate, so fortunate! It's as easy dying. I wish you could go too, mother." Then she sang, "Shall we gather at the River?" after which, she quietly and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Portland, June 16, 1870.

BENJAMIN RANDALL died in North Pownal, Me., May 31, 1870, aged 66 years and 7 months.

Bro. Randall experienced religion in December, 1834, under the labors of Revs. Caleb Fogg and Aaron Sanderson. He soon after united with the M. E. Church, in this place, where he stood the heat and burden of the day with that firmness that alone marks the Christian in a life of trial like this. As one that adhered to and loved the institutions of the Church of his choice, his life gave the fullest evidence. His house was always a home for the itinerant, where he made them welcome. His end was peaceful; just what we should expect of one who had lived and labored as he did. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." JOHN COBB.

North Pownal, June 13, 1870.

Departed this life, on the 15th of March, in Detroit, Me., Sister DEBORAH PLUMMER, wife of Rev. Samuel Plummer, at the age of 78 years.

Sister Plummer had lived with her husband fifty-five years; been a worthy member of the M. E. Church fifty-three years. She possessed a good degree of mental powers, loved the usage of our Church, was a particular friend and sympathizer of the Christian minister, walked with God, and trusted in the sustaining grace of Jesus Christ, our Lord,—hence shared His support in her last hour,—was enabled to say, "Come, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," while the escort accompanied her away to behold scenes invisible from the stand-point of human life, reaping inexpressible joys in the Paradise of God, leaving sons and daughters gazing to the distant city, and the faithful and devoted husband waiting in loneliness on time's shores for the returning escort to bear his weary soul to the land of the blessed, to meet the departed and loved ones.

"Of all the pious dead,  
May we their footsteps trace,  
Till with them, in the land of light,  
We dwell before Thy face."

J. M. HUTCHINSON.

Pittsfield, June 13, 1870.

Died, in Milton, May 25, ISAAC BLAKE, aged 89 years.

Father Blake experienced religion forty-two years ago, and joined the M. E. Church; and ever afterwards manifested a deep interest in all that pertained to its welfare. He was able by nature and culture to do great good, and the high estimation in which he was held by his brethren is seen from the fact that he held the office of recording steward for the unbroken term of forty years.

The pastor ever found in him a wise counselor and fast friend, and in his home a quiet and pleasant retreat. From the fruit of a life of unusual industry and toil, he was enabled to do well by his children; but unlike many, he did not forget his Church in the distribution of his wealth. In his will he gave five hundred dollars towards completing the new house of worship in this place, towards which he had already paid five hundred dollars. He also gave five hundred dollars to the Church, the interest of which is to pay, as he remarked, his quarters as long as time lasts. He also gave five hundred dollars to the missionary cause.

Father Blake's religious experience was of the cheerful kind, making him an agreeable companion to the last. In all the means of grace he took delight; especially was he deeply interested in the study of God's Word, portions of which he was heard repeating in the unconscious moments preceding his death. He will be greatly missed in the home circle and by the Church. But, in the language of the hymn sung by his children and grandchildren around his remains, we feel,—

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,  
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,  
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom."

WM. H. HYDE.

The Boston Highlands M. E. Church has been greatly afflicted, within a short period, in the loss, by death, of two of its strong and devoted brethren.

Bro. NATHAN P. SANBORN died, of congestive pneumonia, March 31, aged 42 years.

His sickness was of short duration, but very severe; yet in perfect resignation to the Divine will, and in possession of a very sweet peace of mind, and with unshaken confidence in the Lord Jesus, he fell asleep. He has been, for a number of years, an humble and faithful member of the Hanover Street, and then of the Roxbury Church, and his death is felt to be a great affliction to us, as well as a sad bereavement to his surviving widow, but is doubtless a great triumph to himself.

Bro. JOHN HARRIS died May 10, aged 72 years.

He was one of our oldest members, a constant laborer in the Church, a man of unwavering faith and much prayer, living constantly on the sunny side of life, and by his good nature and pleasant sayings, gave cheerfulness to every circle in which he moved. He died of cancer in the mouth, and consequently was a great sufferer; but no murmur ever escaped his lips. His was a victorious death.

Boston, June 11, 1870.

CHARLES W. SPEAR, of Standish, Me., passed away from earth to glory, of disease of the brain, May 4, 1870, aged 32 years.

Bro. Spear was converted at Kennebunk Camp-meeting, Me., when but 15 years of age, and soon after joined the M. E. Church, at North Buxton, Me., of which he ever remained a loved and honored member. To know, was but to love him.

JANE F. SPEAR, widow of Charles W., died of consumption, in Standish, May 5, 1870, aged 30 years.

Sister Spear was converted in early youth, and united with the M. E. Church; faithful in life, and peaceful in death. Happily united in life, and separated but a few hours by death, their redeemed spirits soon associate to praise God in Paradise.

West Gorham, June 9, 1870.

H. F. A. PATTERSON.



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## The Secular World.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

Mr. Whittemore, of South Carolina, was not permitted to return to his seat in Congress. He has been made the scape-goat, without, however, perceptibly diminishing the sins of the "Assembled Wisdom."

The Massachusetts General Court was prorogued on the 23d, having killed the Hartford and Erie bill (2d edition) by a disagreement between the two houses.

One of the most fearful storms of lightning, rain and hail, that has been experienced within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, passed over Boston and vicinity on the 20th inst. The tempest commenced about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and continued till a late hour in the night, the wind shifting at all points of the compass, thereby keeping the heavily freighted thunder clouds over our devoted heads for an unusually long time. The destruction of glass in green-houses and sky-lights was immense, some cultivators losing thousands of dollars without including damage to plants, etc. Several lives were lost, and a great number of individuals met with serious injuries. The temperature previous to the storm was very oppressive; but for two days after, the sky was clear and the air quite chilly, with a bracing north wind. At the present writing, however, the contest of the elements has resulted in a complete summer victory, Midsummer Day, being worthy the name.

The good people of Worcester were alarmed on the forenoon of the 23d by a most appalling accident. An explosion took place on board of the last car of a freight train on the Boston and Albany Railroad, near the junction. The car was totally demolished and twelve houses in the vicinity reduced to ruins, and many others badly shattered. What is most remarkable is that only one man, Timothy Cronan, was killed outright, thirty being more or less seriously wounded. It was not known for some time what was the fearful agent of all this sudden destruction; but it was subsequently ascertained to be nitro-glycerine, that had been smuggled into the car with other merchandise. It was directed to North Adams, on its way to Hoosac Tunnel. Not only was the car that contained the parcels, totally demolished, but the trucks were driven deep into the ground, or broken in fragments, the axles severed like pipe-stems, the tracks displaced, bent like withes, and hurled to a great distance from the road. Heavy bars of iron were thrown a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, and the shock was distinctly felt at points twenty miles away. Women and children with white lips ran hither and thither. One man, sick in bed, was blown into an adjoining garden, and another was rendered a maniac. The telegraph poles for several hundred feet were blown to pieces, and the wire twisted into cork-screws. So loud was the report of the explosion, that people twenty miles off distinctly heard it. The 23d of June will long be a memorable day in Worcester.

There is a rumor that Mr. Motley is to be removed as soon as a competent successor can be found.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

The tailors of Cork, Ireland, have been rioting because of the introduction of German members of their craft.

Congratulatory telegrams to and from President Grant, were read at the banquet held on the evening of the 24th, in London, in honor of the completion of the telegraph line to India.

There were slight showers in various parts of the country on the 24th, and the crops show the effect.

## NEWS NOTES.

It is now reported that 2,000 lives were lost by the recent fire in Constantinople. Small-pox, vomit, and cholera, are depopulating Cuba. The Alabama and Tennessee Railroad Company has engaged 1,500 Chinese laborers. The 75 Celestials of North Adams are doing finely. The river Seine (Paris) is so low that grass is growing at the foot of the quay walls. The Hon. Amos T. Akerman, the new Attorney General, vice Hoar resigned, arrived in Washington on the 22d. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte died in Baltimore last week. Queen Isabella has formally abdicated the throne of Spain in favor of her son, the Duke of Asturias. The Emperor Napoleon has been troubled with rheumatism. The Chinese Embassy are visiting France and Spain. Queen Victoria gave a state breakfast last week, the first since the death of her husband. Saturday, the 25th, was the hottest day of the season, the thermometer touching at 100 in the shade, and in some places a degree or two above that torrid notch. Pictures and objects of vertu belonging to Dickens will be sold at auction, in London, on the 9th of July. The Young Men's Christian Association have been holding an International Convention at Indianapolis. The Methodist Protestant Church in Newark, N. J., was destroyed by fire, on the 25th. Loss, \$50,000; insured, \$20,000. There were on Saturday, extensive fires in Reading, Pa., Rochester, N. Y., Brooklyn, N. Y., Mendota, Ill., and Clifton Springs, N. Y., aggregating losses about \$300,000. The firm of Hurd, Miller & Co., of New York, was levied and seized, Saturday, by the sheriff, at the instance of parties who hold bills against the management of the late Beethoven festival. Ledru Rollin is in Paris.

Singular Service at Morgan Chapel.—The 97th birthday of Father Cleveland, Boston City Missionary, was celebrated in Morgan Chapel, on Sunday morning last, by a large gathering of old people from various quarters of the city. The oldest individual present was Mr. James R. Rogers, of Roxbury, who, though entering upon the second century of his life, walked into the church and took his seat unaided. Forty-two women from the Old Ladies' Home, were present, twenty-eight of whom were over eighty. Father Cleveland read a Psalm, and prayed, and remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Morgan, after which, various gifts of Bibles, silverware, flowers, etc., were distributed to what may be called the champion fathers and mothers. It was a touching, interesting, and unique affair.

The New England Sabbath-school Temperance Convention assembled at Music Hall, Boston, on Saturday forenoon, June 25, His Excellency Gov. Claflin, presiding. Addresses were made by Rev. H. W. Conant, of Providence, Robert B. Remington, of Fall River, Rev. H. P. Cushing, of Vermont, and John B. Gough. The singing was by the children, under the lead of Dr. Tourjee. The constitution was adopted of a new "Cold Water Army," the superintendents of Sunday-schools to be commanders, and the teachers lieutenants.

INSIDE VIEWS OF ROME.—Rev. T. O. R. Keatinge, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, and for many years holding an official position in Rome, delivered a lecture in Tremont Temple, on Sunday evening last. The nature of his lecture was a description of the "Home Life of Rome," in which he drew a dark picture of crime and superstition. Rev. Dr. Blagden opened the meeting with prayer. Rev. J. D. Fulton introduced the speaker, and Rev. Dr. Nicholson read one of the hymns. The attendance was overflowing, and a large collection was taken up.

## GOSSIPGRAPHS.

George Rice, a negro who was graduated at Dartmouth College last year, has sailed for Edinburgh to study medicine.

Chapman, the publisher of Dickens's Works, publishes a card, saying that only one half of Dickens's story, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," had been written, and no one will be permitted to finish it. It will always be a mystery.

Omaha has a colored alderman.

There are 287 incorporated colleges in the United States.

There were ten cases of sunstroke in New York on Monday.

We heard a wiseacre say "It wasn't heat as killed men, 'twas this yer mis'able 'loric."

A pig at Sparta, Mo., has rooted up \$2,000 in gold, which the owner buried during the war and forgot.

Discoveries of bones at Sioux City, Iowa, indicates that the aboriginal residents in that locality were all eight feet high.

The report that the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon has gone over to the communion of the Roman Catholic Church is denied.

O, Tommy, that was abominable in you to eat your little sister's share of the cake!

"Why," said Tommy, "didn't you tell me, ma, that I was always to take her part?"

Audubon's own copy of his "Birds of America," in four large volumes, half bound, and five volumes of letter-press, with his autograph in each volume, are advertised as being for sale in England.

An old school-teacher, named Breckenridge, recently died in South Carolina. He boasted at one time that he had whipped the governor of the State, the judge of the Superior Court, and nearly all the lawyers in Andersonville—when they were boys, of course.

An excited matron lately made a scene in a Boston dry good store by abusing a "school-marm" for reproving her son. It must be delightful to be a school-teacher, to be plagued with ignorance on the one hand, and impudence on the other,—and to have no redress,—and so much birch growing.

The Spanish Cortes has adopted a resolution requiring a candidate for the throne to receive a majority of the whole number of deputies; this destroys the chances of all the candidates thus far named.

The insurrection at Lucca, Italy, has been quelled.

The Pope has written a letter, in which he still insists on the dogma of Infallibility.

The cholera is raging in India.

Gen. Shanks has been renominated to Congress from the IXth Ohio District.

A subterranean outlet has been discovered to the Great Salt Lake.

The crop prospects of Iowa and Wisconsin are favorable.

The Grand Lodge, F. and A. M., State of New York, has elected John H. Anthon Grand Master.

Since Jan. 1st, 105,990 immigrants have arrived at this port.

Rutgers College has conferred the Baccalaureate degrees on ten young women.

A fire in Tenth Ave. burned a number of frame buildings.

Officer Burke, who shot Patrick Hernan, has been discharged from arrest by the Coroner.

Dr. Wolf has been committed to prison on a charge of causing the death of a Miss Henningsen.

Mrs. Gardiner and her daughter were examined in reference to the disposition Capt. Alexander made of his bonds just previous to his death.

## Commercial.

## BOSTON MARKET.

## WHEATMARKET PRICES.

June 25, 1870.

GOLD.—\$112.	NEW APPLES.—Per barrel, 8— to —
FLOUR.—Superfine, \$4.25 to 4.75; extra, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Michigan, \$6.25 to 7.75; St. Louis, \$7.25 to 10.00.	BERMUDA ONIONS.—3 to 4c. per lb.
NEW CORN.—\$1.01 to \$1.20; new mixed, \$1.05 to 1.10.	PORK.—\$22.00 to \$24.00; Lard, 16 to 17c.; Hams, 15 to 16c. per lb.
OATS.—55 to 60c.	CHEESE.—Factory, 12 to 15c.; Dairy, 10 to 13c.
OLD RYE.—\$1.15.	BUTTER.—New Butter, 25 to 30c.; Old, do., 15 to 20 cents per lb.
RAIS.—Timothy, Herd's Grass, \$7.50 to \$7.75; Red Top, \$8.75 per sack; R. I. Bent, \$2 to \$2.50 per bushel; Clover, 16 to 18c. per lb.	EGGS.—25c. a dozen.
NEW APPLES.—Per barrel, 8— to —	DRIED APPLES.—3 to 12c. per lb.
BERMUDA ONIONS.—3 to 4c. per lb.	HAY.—\$18.00 to 25.00 per ton, per cargo; \$23.00 to 27.00, per ton per car load.
PORK.—\$22.00 to \$24.00; Lard, 16 to 17c.; Hams, 15 to 16c. per lb.	POTATOES.—55 to 70c. per bushel.
CHEESE.—Factory, 12 to 15c.; Dairy, 10 to 13c.	BEANS.—Extra Pea, \$2.50 to 2.62; common, \$1.50 to \$1.75.
BUTTER.—New Butter, 25 to 30c.; Old, do., 15 to 20 cents per lb.	STRAWBERRIES.—15c. to 30c. per quart.
EGGS.—25c. a dozen.	ORANGES.—\$6.00 per box.
DRIED APPLES.—3 to 12c. per lb.	LEMONS.—\$4.50 to 5.50 per box.
HAY.—\$18.00 to 25.00 per ton, per cargo; \$23.00 to 27.00, per ton per car load.	WEST INDIA SUGAR.—\$8.00 per cwt.
POTATOES.—55 to 70c. per bushel.	CABBAGES.—\$2.50 to \$4.00.
BEANS.—Extra Pea, \$2.50 to 2.62; common, \$1.50 to \$1.75.	BEETS.—\$1.00 per doz.
STRAWBERRIES.—15c. to 30c. per quart.	TURNIPS.—\$4.00 per bbl.
ORANGES.—\$6.00 per box.	GREEN PEAS.—\$2.00 per bush.
LEMONS.—\$4.50 to 5.50 per box.	MAPLE SUGAR.—12 to 13c. per lb.
WEST INDIA SUGAR.—\$8.00 per cwt.	REUBENS.—1c. per lb.
CABBAGES.—\$2.50 to \$4.00.	REMARKS.—Flour had a somewhat firmer feeling during the past week. Seed dull and unchanged. Bermuda Onions plenty. Butter a shade firmer. Eggs unchanged. Strawberries, active, and very plenty.

## Marriages.

In this city, June 21, by Rev. Isaac J. P. Coffey, Joseph Watson, of Everett, to Mrs. Jennie A. Nadeck, of Somerville.

June 16, by Rev. E. S. Best, Levi Dickford to Mrs. L. A. Brigham, both of Hyde Park.

In Winchendon, by Rev. I. S. Cushman, March 30, John S. Stearns, of Ashburnham, to Sarah M. Flint, of Winchendon; April 22, William H. Harmon, of Concord, N. H., to Alfredda Royce, of Fitzwilliam, N. H.; June 11, Edward F. Charles to Julia L. Bailey; June 23, David A. Alsea to Emma C. Hill, all of Winchendon.

In Athol, by Rev. C. L. McQuerry, June 16, Rufus T. Shumway, of Worcester, to Miss George E. Goodridge, of Athol.

In Bath, Me., by Rev. W. S. Jones, James P. Whitton to Emma E. Oliver, both of Bath, May 15; Albert G. Savage to Lizzie A. Walker, both of Bath, May 21; Chas. W. Furlington, of West Bath, to Maria H. Wheeler, of Bath, May 25.

In Weston, June 5, by Rev. W. F. Lacombe, Albert Washburn to Miss Mary Jane Whitney, both of Lincoln.

In Union, June 11, by Rev. J. N. Marsh, James F. Bryant, of Union, to Miss Laura A. Peasey, of Montville, Me.; June 19, Otis S. McCarrison, of Appleton, to Miss Mary G. Messer, of Union, Me.

In Wilbraham, June 1, by Rev. E. Cooke, assisted by Rev. James Mudge, Robert R. Wright, Jr., to Miss Mollie A. Cooke, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

In Chicopee, May 25, by Rev. Daniel Richards, Samuel L. Lord to Miss Mary O. George.

In Thetford, R. I., April 7, by Rev. C. Nason, Stanton J. Smith to Miss Sarah E. Deavenport, both of Johnston; May 26, Thomas H. Cuff, of Coventry, to Miss Amanda J. Colvin, of Warwick; June 23, John T. Squires, of Worcester, Mass., to Miss Florence A. Williams, of Coventry, R. I.

In Bowdoinham, June 16, by Rev. F. O. Ayer, at the residence of the bride's father, Allen H. Drummond, of Sidney, Me., to Miss Ellen E. Smith, of Bowdoinham.

In Manchester, Me., May 1, by Rev. J. O. Prescott, George H. Kilbuck to Miss Martha E. Torrence, both of Manchester; June 22, D. W. Sampson, of Redwood City, Cal., to Miss Lizzie W. Dutton, of Hallowell, Me.

## Deaths.

In Washington, D. C., June 17, Clementine Devereux, infant daughter of S. Adams and Anna P. Wiggins.

In the good Shepherd's arms,  
Our Lamb unfolded lies;  
Above her wave the palms  
Of God's own paradise.

## Business Letters Received to June 25.

E. B. Bailey, C. L. Browning; Geo. Campbell, S. W. Coggeshall; N. W. Everett, G. F. Eaton; Maria G. Gisin; Wm. S. Jones, H. M. Johnston; A. S. Miller; J. H. Pillsbury, N. W. Pettengill; Chas. L. Rowell; Maria Steele; E. N. Tilton, W. R. Tisdale.

## Methodist Book Depository.

## Money Letters received from June 15 to June 25.

A. Arrighi; W. D. Bridge, H. P. Blood, H. M. Blake, A. W. Browne, M. M. Bailey; Wm. Cottle; M. O. Foster, L. P. French, G. E. Fuller, J. D. Flint & Co.; C. B. Gursey, E. G. Gordon, J. W. Guernsey; W. A. Howard, S. Hicks, J. F. Hutchins, W. O. Hancock, W. Johnston, W. C. Jones; W. H. Lang; L. Melthrop, A. McNally; B. O. Phelps, E. W. Parker, J. Peck; R. A. Rich, W. Reed, J. A. Robinson, M. W. Robinson; H. Squire, J. F. Sheffield, A. B. Shaw; D. P. Thompson; John Wilson, A. E. Ward, H. Withers, A. C. Webster, O. P. Wilson, J. J. Woodbury, A. E. Waters; A. Yates.

JAMES P. MAIZE, Agent, 38 Bromfield St., Boston.

## Church Register.

## HERALD CALENDAR.

Hamilton Camp-meeting begins Aug. 16, closes Aug. 21.  
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting, Aug. 22.  
Sterling Camp-meeting, Aug. 22.  
Hedding Camp-meeting, Epping, N. H., begins Monday, Aug. 23.  
Williamsville Camp-meeting, Aug. 23.  
Kennebec Valley Camp-meeting, Aug. 30.  
Kennebunk Camp-meeting, Aug. 25.  
The Penobscot Valley Ministerial Association, Seaside, July 11.  
Cove Ministerial Association, Stratford Hollow, July 5.  
Rockland District Ministerial Association, Rockport, Me., July 18.  
Bath Camp-meeting, Sept. 8.  
Springfield District Camp-meeting, Hatfield, Aug. 29.  
Keenawag Camp-meeting, Wilmot, N. H., Sept. 5.  
Yarmouth Camp-meeting commences Aug. 9.  
East Poland Camp-meeting, Aug. 23.

WANTED.—Three ministers, who are willing to come South, and east in their lot among us, and help to build up the cause of God and Methodism in our sunny land. Young men preferred. For particulars, address Rev. J. SYLVESTER, P. E., Augusta District, June 30.

CAMP-MEETING AT EAST POLAND.—CHANGE OF TIME.—Circumstances make it necessary to change the time of the above meeting to Tuesday, Aug. 23d, instead of the 29th, as before published. By order of Director. J. W. CORNAN, Chairman.  
Lewiston, June 27, 1870.

THE CAMP-MEETING, at East Machias, Me., will commence Aug. 22. All agreed in pronouncing the meeting last year excellent. Let us not rely upon our success then, but upon God, through Christ and the Eternal Spirit. Let the necessary preparations be made by all interested. Much prayer be offered to Heaven for the Divine blessing. Come for the week, and bring your friends. May the glory of the Triune God be seen in the wilderness. Will be thankful for ministerial help from any direction.

The District Stewards of Bucksport District will meet at Northport Camp-meeting, Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 31, at 1 o'clock. Will the ministers remind the District Stewards of this notice, and much oblige. It is hoped that the Pastors will commence the collections for Benevolent Causes with the year. "Delays are dangerous." Some say, "Our charge is too poor to pay to these causes." That's the way to keep poor. A little well-directed aid will do wonders.  
Bucksport, June 15. E. A. HELMERGAARD.

## QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

## DOVER DISTRICT.—SECOND QUARTER.

July.—Haverhill, First Church, 9, 10, P. M.; Second Church, 10, A. M.; Lawrence, Garden Street, 16, 17, A. M.; Haverhill Street, 18; Methuen, 17, P. M.; North Salem, 23, 24, A. M.; Pleasant Street, 24, P. M.; Salem, 24, eve.; Union, 30, 31.  
August.—Rockport, 6, 7, Great Falls, High Street, 9; Main Street, 10; Dover, 11, 14, A. M.; Newmarket, 14, P. M.; South Newmarket, 15; Londonderry, 20, 21, P. M.; Derry, 21, P. M.; Raymond, 27, 28, A. M.; Fremont, 28, P. M.; Epping, 28.  
September.—Cherry, 3, 4, A. M.; Auburn, 4, P. M.; Candia, 4, eve.; Portsmouth, 10, 11, A. M.; Hampton, 11, P. M.; Greenland, 11, eve.; Exeter, 12; Seabrook, 17, 18, A. M.; Salisbury, 18, P. M.; Amesbury, 19; Sanderson and Haverhill, 24, 25, A. M.; Kingston, 25, P. M. S. Newmarket, June 18, 1870. J. FISK.

## CONCORD DISTRICT.—SECOND QUARTER.

July.—13, 17, Landaff, E. S. Stubbs; 14, 17, Lisbon, J. Currier; 15, Lynn, M. 17, Littleton; 18, 24, N. Haverhill, W. O. Robinson; 19, 24, Haverhill, J. Hooper; 20, evening, Swiftwater; 21, 24, E. Haverhill, H. A. Mattison; 24, Bristol, 25, 31, Warren, W. H. Jones; 27, 31, Rumney, S. E. Quinby; 28, 31, Plymouth, J. H. Brown; 30, 31, Sandwich, A. M.; 31, Moonlight, P. M. S.



